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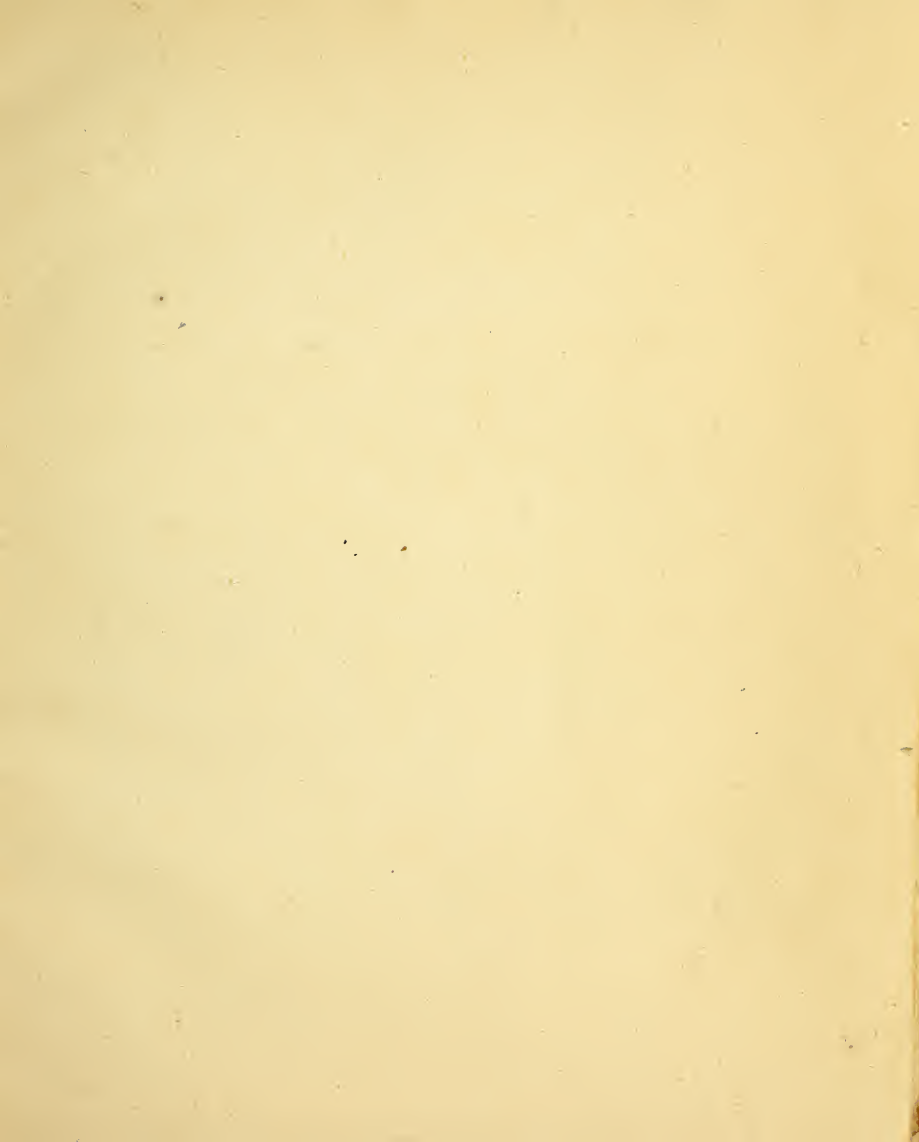


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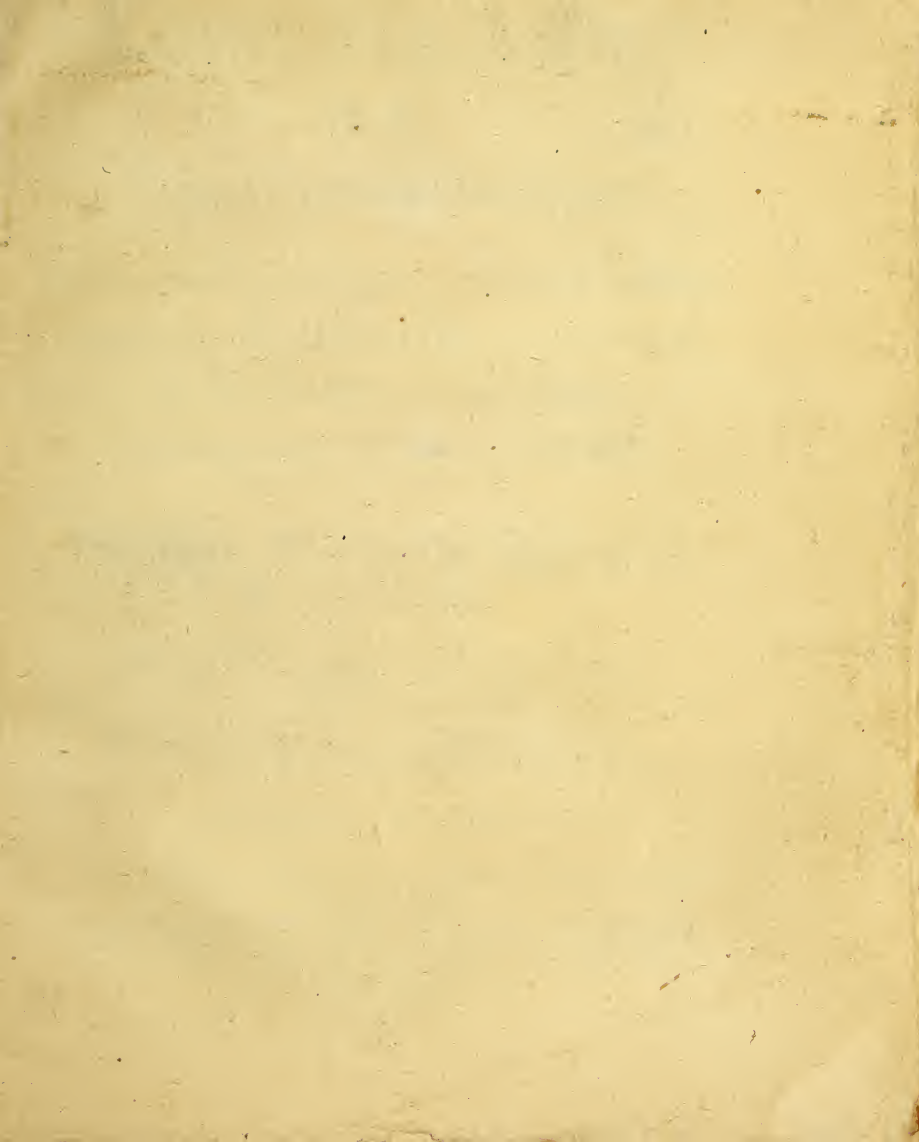


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# Loves Maistresse :

O R,

## The Queens Masque.

As it was three times presented before  
their two Excellent MAJESTIES,  
within the space of eight dayes ;

In the presence of sundry Forraigne  
AMBASSADORS.

*Publikely Acted by the QUEENS*  
Comœdians,

*At the Phoenix in Drury-lane.*

---

*Written by* THOMAS HEYWOOD.

---

*Aui prodesse solent, aui delectare.*——

---

L O N D O N,

Printed by *Robert Raworth*, for *Iohn Crowch* ; and are to bee  
sold by *Iasper Emery*, at the signe of the *Eagle and Child*,  
In *Pauls Church-yard*. 1636.

Loves Mail

Supplies

149.527

May, 1873

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**TO THE RIGHT**

Honorable, EDWARD, Earle of

Dorset, Lord Chamberlaine to the

QUEENES Most Excellent Majestie,

Knight of the Noble order of the Garter,

and one of His MAJESTIES most Ho-  
norable Privie Councell, &c.

RIGHT HONORABLE,

 Having pleased Her  
Most Excellent Maje-  
stie to grace this (though  
unworhy) Poëm so of-  
ten with her Royal pre-  
sence. I was imboldened the rather  
(though I dare not commend) yet to  
commit it to your Noble Patronage,

A

neither

## *The Epistle Dedicatory.*

neither are Dramma's of this nature, so despicable, as to be held unworthy the countenance of great men, when there is frequent president, that the like have beene Dedicated too, and entertained by Emperours, and the most Potent Princes of their times. If your Honor shall dayne the acceptance of a playne mans love, and obseruance in this Presentment, as you grace the worke, so you shall much incourage the Author, who humbly takes his leave of your Lordship, with that borrowed from the excellent Poet *Nemesianns. Egl. I.*

———o *Dignus senior quem Carmine Phœbus,  
Pan Calamis, Fidibus, Linus, Modulantibus Orpheus,  
Concinerent* ———

Thomas Heywood.



## To the Reader.

GENEROVS READER.

 Or this Dramatick Poem, I neede not much Apologie; It having past so many Tests of Approbation, yet for commendable Customes sake I follow the tradition of all or most Authours, who were never deficient in this kind of complement: The Argument is taken from Apuleius, an excellent Morrall, if truly understood, and may bee called a golden Truth, contained in a leaden fable, which though it bee not altogether conspicuous to the vulgar, yet to those of Learning and judgement, no lesse apprehended in the Paraphrase, then approved in the Originall: of which, if the perusers hereof were all Apuleians, and never a Midas amongst them, I should make no question: So much for the Subject it selfe, but for the rare decorements which new apperrell'd it, when it came the second time to the Royall vewe, ( Her Gracious Majestie then extertaining His Highnesse at Denmarke-house, upon his Birth-day ) I

## To the Reader.

*cannot pretermitt to give a due Charractar to that admirable Artist, Mr. Inego Iones, Master surveyor of the Kings worke, &c. who to every Act, nay almost to every Sceane, by his excellent Inuentions, gave such an extraordinary Luster; upon every occasion changing the stage, to the admiration of all the Spectators: that, as I must Ingeniously confesse, It was above my apprehension to conceive, so to their sacred Majesties, and the rest of the Auditory; It gave so generall a content, that I presume they never parted from any object, presented in that kind, better pleased, or more plenally satisfied: But these I leave to your Iudgements to gesse at; the thing it selfe I propose to your eyes, to censure, which if you Iudge as favourably as I expresse it freely, I shall ever remaine as heretofore:*

Studious of your best

opinions.

THO. HEYWOOD.

The

¶ The *Prologue* to this Play, the first time it was  
Presented on the Stage; *Cupid* descending  
in a cloude, the Speaker.

**I**T was a Custome 'mongst the *Romanes*, when  
State-Ladies they inuited, or great men;  
As if their doores were all too base, and vile  
To entertaine them; their large Roofes to' untile,  
And their unbounded welcome more to clowne,  
In Artificiall Cloudes to let them downe;  
Their superstitious Love so farre extending,  
Receiuing them as gods from heaven descending.

Although wee cannot meeete you with like state,  
As entering hither at our publike gate,  
You are as welcome; 'Tis *Love* hids you so:  
And, as their use was, to their ghests to shewe  
Their best, and Costliest Jewells (without boast,  
So *Cupid* will) what hee affecteth most,  
His sweete and dearest Mistris; or if ought  
Were more in valuation, or in thought,  
That you should see: Shee is both fresh, and new,  
Then bid her but as welcome, as I, you.

Her *Majestie* Inviting the *King* to *Denmarke House*,  
in the *Strand*, upon His Birth-day, being *November* the 19.

This Play (bearing from that time) the Title of the

*Queenes Masque*, was againe presented before Him:

*Cupid* speaking the Prologue.

**VV**Ho's so un-read, doth not of *Plato* heare,  
His *Annus Magnus*, or his *Vertent* yeare;  
In which the *Starres*, and *Planets*, *Moone*, and *Sunne*,  
Tyr'd with continuall labour, having runne

## The Prologue.

So many Ages long peregrination,  
And returns fresh and new to It's first station

This is that yeete sure; rather this the day,  
Able to change *November* into *May* :

This day's in heaven a *Iubylee* of *Ioy*.

Where *Angels* sing in quires, *Vive la Roy*.

This is the Royall Birth-day of a King,

Then men with *Angels* *Io pean* sing.

I had almost lost my selfe, when my intent  
Was to tell why I come, and from whom sent :

From One, to whom I'me but a shadow, Shee

The very soule of *Amabilitee*.

One; that without my quiver and my bow,

Commands the hearts, and eyes, of high and low,

Whose Name ( Inscibed heere ) did you but behold,

'Twould change the sooty Inke, to liquid Gold

Offulgent beantie; but so pure a mind,

As if tinctur'd from Heaven, and so devin'd.

I *Love*, from *Love* am sent, but *Show* the right :

Then grace ( Great King ) the Triumphs, of *Loves* night.

---

## ¶ The Epilogue, spoken by *Cupid*, pointing to the severall Plannets.

**N**OW Royall Princes, let me turne to you,  
Daigne from *Loves* mouth, to take this nights adieu :

Thinke all these Planets that on earth heere moove,

( Shadowes of those Cælestiall ones above )

Breath on you their best Influences; *Vulcan* hee,

Shall henceforth take charge of your Armorie.

*Iuno* the Marriage queene, shall blesse your bed :

The *Sunne* shall take the bright beames from his head,

To increase your glories lustre : and the *Moone*,

Attend on you, to make your Mid-night, noone:

And

## The Prologue.

And *Mercury* shall come from shoare to shoare  
Vpon your errands, prooue your happy ranger,  
Home-bred to' spie, and fore-see forraigne danger:  
*Venus* with sweetes, and I, with *Love* will charme you;  
And after all these, *Love* with Power shall arme you.  
I 'haue kept you waking long, good night, 'tis late,  
And many Birth-dayes may you Celebrate.

---

¶ The Prologue To the King and Queene, the  
Second time it was Acted, the same Weeke:  
Spoken by *Cupid*.

YEs; sure 'twas heere: where some few houers I past,  
The very time that I descended last;  
I, heere it was, I know it by one face,  
To which my Mistis *Psyche* must give place.  
A Presence; that from *Venus* takes all power,  
And makes each place thee comes in, *Cupids* bower.  
Though in their severall spheares, each Planet ride,  
(With all the gods) to feast mee and my bride,  
With *Nectar* and *Ambrosia*, yet, that wast  
Of godly Fare, could not my pallat tast:  
But I must all Cælestiall sweetes forbear,  
To re-viewe Earthly *Love*, and *Iuno* heere,  
Whom having seene; Haile to you once againe;  
Long as the spheares continue, may you Reigne  
In Maiestie, In power, in Issue blest,  
Bee all these with your fortunate yeeres Increast;  
Till *Cupid* (ever young) with *Time* grow old,  
And you, this Iron Age, changing to gold,  
(Re-pur'd by your two vertues) These etheriall,  
May change to brighter Chaires in th' Heavens Imperiall.

Drammatis



## Drammatis Personæ.

Apuleus, } } *The Chorus.*  
Midas, }

Admetus, *King of Theffaly.*

Astioche, } } *His three Daughters.*  
Petrea, }  
Pſiche, }

Menetius, } } *Husbands to Petrea and*  
Zelotes, } } *Astioche.*

Venus.

Rhadamant.

Cupid.

Charon.

Pan.

Cerberus.

Apollo.

Zephyrus.

Mercury.

Boreas.

Vulcan.

Furies.

Pluto.

*Four* Ciclops.

Proserpine.

*The* Clowne.

Minos

*Amarillis a ſhee Swaine.*

Eacus.

*Four* Swaines.





# Loues Mistris.

## ACT. I. SCENE. I.

*Enter Apuleius, with a paire of Asse eares in  
his hand.*

 Ow art thou *Apuleius* retransform'd?  
Or else how cam'st thou metamorphis'd first  
Into an Asse? Why to so dull a beast,  
Of slow, and so obtuse a memory?  
I had a braine aym'd at inscrutable things,  
Beyond the Moone; what was sublunarie,

Me thought was for my study all too meane;  
Therefore, I therefore was I thus transhap'd:  
That knowing man who keepes not in his bounds,  
But pries into Heavens hidden mysteries  
Further then leave; his dulnesse is increast,  
Ceaseth to be a man, and so turnes beast:  
And thus I fell, yet by the selfe same power  
That calls all humane wisedome foolishnesse,  
Am once more to my pristine shape restor'd;

B

Onely

## Loves Mistris.

Onely to shew how vaine my ambitions were,  
This follies crest I still about mee beare :  
If aine would know the way to *Helicon*,  
Can none heere tell mee ? Will none silence breake ?  
It seemes, these sit to heare then, not to speake :

*Enter Midas.*

Heere's one I hope can tell mee : Reverend father,  
How lies my journey to the *Muses* hill ?

*Mi.* Follow thy nose.

*Ap.* Thou most unreverend groome,  
( I hope my Asses shape is quite shooke off )  
Why in this churlish manner speak'st thou then ?

*Mi.* The *Muses* hang the *Muses*.

*Ap.* Can'st thou conduct  
My wandring stepps to *Aganippes* spring ?  
To the *Muses* Temple I am travelling,  
And must to them performe a sacrifice.

*Mi.* An Assie head of thy owne, thou must performe.

*Ap.* If men be growne thus savage, oh you powers,  
Remetamorphise mee into an asse ;  
'Tis lesse inglorious, and lesse grieve to live  
A beast amongst wilde beasts, then to see man  
Bruite-like to blemish his creation.

*Mi.* I tell the once againe, I know no *Muses*,  
No *Muses* hill, no *Aganippes* spring ;  
And which is more, I care for no such toyes.

*Ap.* And which is worst, none wise will care for thee ;  
Oh grieve, that silver haire should crowne his head,  
By whom the *Muses* are dishonoured ;  
Say Idoll, what's thy name ?

*Mi.*

# Loves Mistress.

To kisse this hallowed earth.

*Zelo.* Ladies kneele downe.

*Astio.* And fir relate to faire *Laromæes* Sonne  
Why this religious voyage was attempted.

*Ad.* Daughters I shall:

Sacred *Apollo*, god of Archerie,

Of Arts, of Phisicke, and of Poetrie;

*Loves* bright hair'd Sonne, whose yellow tresses shine

Like curled flames, hurling a most divine

And dazling splendor on these lesser fires,

Which from thy guilt beames, when thy Carre retires,

Kindle those tapers that lend eyes to night:

Oh thou that art the landlord of all light;

Bridegroome to morning, dayes eternall King,

To whom Nine *Muses* in a sacred ring,

In dances sphericall, trip hand in hand,

Whilst thy well-stringed Harpe their feet command;

Great *Delphian* Priest, wee to adore thy name

Have burnt fat thighs of Bulls in hallowed flame,

Whose savor wrap'd in clouds of smoake and fire,

To thy Starre-spangled pallace durst aspire;

Tell us who shall untie the Virgin zone

Of the white-handed *Psiche*; thee alone

Of three most faire, is most unfortunate,

All love, but none her love will celebrate

With nuptiall rights; what must of her betide

Dread *Phebus* tell, to whom shall shee be bride.

*Apol.* Cloath *Psiche* in a mourning weede,

Then leade and leave her on a hill,

Where *Venus* Doves their young ones see,

## Loves Mistrie.

Her husband not of Humane race ;  
But one, whose flaming sight doth kill,  
And yet wants eyes; his serpents face  
If shee behold, shee must see hell ;  
And yet by some notorious deede,  
Obtaine a Patent from that place  
Never to die : *Pische* farewell,

Much joy'd, much greev'd; unclasp that spell. — *Ex. Apollo.*

*Ad.* Much griev'd, and yet much joy'd, poore girl, I feare  
The sca'e of grieffe will weigh downe that of cheere.

*Mene.* Shee must see hell; and yet shee neere shall die;  
True, for hells torments live eternally;

*Ast.* But father, no tongue shall her joyes expresse.

*Petre, Phobus,* thy words leave us all comfortlesse.

*Pf.* I must espouse a serpent, that's my hell.

*Zelo.* But since you never shall behold his face,  
Your torments cannot bee too horrible.

*Mene.* Is't possible, by deeds impossible  
To attaine the Crowne of Immortality :

It cannot bee; Thus mocking *Phobus* leaves us,  
Alwayes in clowds of darkenesse to deceive us.

*Ad.* Stay thy prophane tongue, least deserved wrath  
Strike thee with death from his revengefull spheare ;

Thou must be cloth'd in mourning, so thou art,  
A mourning habite, and a thought-sicke heart ;

Thou must be left alone on *Venus* hill ;  
The destinies decree, wee must fulfill :

Thy husband must want sight, and yet have eyes  
That flame, and kill; oh leave these misteries

Vntill the Gods reveale them; come, let's hence :

Change

# Loves Mistress.

*Mi.* What's that to thee?

Yet was I sometime King of *Phrygia*,  
To whom God *Bacchus* was beholding once:  
And therefore bad me aske what I would have,  
It should bee granted; Instantly I begg'd  
That what soere I touch'd might turne to Gold;  
At first it pleas'd mee: When I sate to eate,  
I touch'd the Table, and It straight was gold,  
The trenchers gold; I call'd for earthen vessells,  
Which by my touch were alcumis'd to gold,  
All which I hugg'd; but when I came to carue,  
Even as the dishes, so the meate was gold;  
The liquid wine, but touch'd, was straight congeal'd;  
And had not *Bacchus* freed mee from my wish,  
Amid'st my gold I had beene staru'd ere this.

*Ap.* Dull covetous foole.

*Mi.* The shame of this made mee resigne my state;  
And wherebefore I was a King of men,  
To flie the harshnes of scholes bitter jeasts,  
I made this wooll crowne, and am King of beasts,  
And my name's *Midas*.

*Ap.* Then oh King of beasts,  
Be this thy curse; When thy base life's out-worne,  
No sacred Poet name thee but in scorne:  
But wilt thou sit with silence?

(doe?)

*Mi.* Thou prate'st and bablest; what would'st thou have mee

*Ap.* See'st thou this spheare spangled, with all these starres,  
All these Love-arts; nor shall they part from hence  
With uncasted eares: My purpose was  
To expose to them the shapes of all those asses,

## Loves Mistris.

With whom my lost soule wandred in a mist,  
Knowing, of them thou art not counted least;  
But first Ile shew a story of mine owne,  
Of *Cupid's* love to *Psiche*, sit and see 't;  
Ile make thee then ingeniously confesse  
Thy treason gainst the *Muses* majesticke;  
Withall, not onely whatsoever's mine,  
But all true Poets raptures are divine.

*Mi.* Thou hast prevail'd with mee, by *Pan* Ile stay;  
But take heede Poet that your rimes be found,  
Else with thine owne Asse eares thou shalt be crown'd.

*Ap.* Wee two contend; Art heere, there Ignorance:  
Bee you the Iudges, wee invite you all  
Vnto this banquet Accademicall.

*Exeunt.*

*Recorders.* Enter Admetus, Menetius, Zelotis,  
Astioche, Petrea, Psiche.

*Ad.* You Peeres and Daughters to th' *Arcadian* King,  
Wee have past the great'st part of our pilgrimage;  
Listen, oh listen, for these sounds that guild  
The aires light wings, fanning through all our eares  
Immortall tunes; tell us wee are arriv'd  
At sacred *Delphos*; see the burnish'd Spires  
Advance themselves to welcome our approach;  
The Temple gates stand ope, and that great Deitie,  
Whose tongue speaks nothing lesse then Oracle,  
Attended by his *Sibells*, daimes to appeare.

*Enter Apollo.*

*Mene.* Oh teach our knees with a most reverent touch

To

# Loves Mistress.

Change your *Arcadian* tunes to *Lidian* sounds,  
Sad notes are sweetest, where deepe woe confounds.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Recorders. Enter Venus.*

*Ven.* Cupid my sonne, where's hee?

*Within.*

*Cup.* Anon-forsooth.

*Ven.* Ile gather rods of roses, if you mock mee

With your anon-forsooth.

*Within.*

*Cup.* Anon-forsooth.

*Ven.* Shall I be still thus vext? Still when my blood

Boyles in the fire of anger, then this ape

With purpose flets mee.———Boy.

*Enter Cupid.*

*Cup.* Anon-forsooth.

*Ven.* Will *Iuno* come, or *Ceres*?

*Cup.* *Iuno* lay lolling in my Vncles lapp.

*Ven.* Which Vncle?

*Cup.* Vncle *Love*: I laught out-right

To see how (wanton-like) with both her armes

Shee clung about his necke; gave him ten kisses,

Toy'd with his locks, look'd babies in his eyes,

And swore shee would not watch him when hee went

Amongst his wenches, if hee'd turne away

His sawcie page, the smooth-fac'd *Gammel*;

The boy by chance upon her fan had spilt

A cup of Nectar; oh how *Iuno* swore:

I told my Aunt I'de give her a new fan,

To

## *Loves Mistris.*

To let *Loves* page be *Cupids* serving-man.

*Ven.* What's this to *Venus* message, what said *Iuno*?

*Cu.* I ask'd her when shee'd come, and in good sooth,  
she answered nothing but anon-forsooth.

*Ven.* And where was *Ceres*, what did shee repleie?

*Cu.* *Ceres* was binding garlands for God *Pan*,  
Of Blew-bottles, and yellow pissabeds  
That grew amongst the Wheate, with which she crown'd  
His forked browes, and wooed him with his horne  
To rouse the skipping Satirs, to goe hunt  
A heard of swine that rooted up her corne:  
I ask'd her when shee'd come, and in good sooth  
Shee sent me packing with anon forsooth.

*Ven.* I sent for *Pan*, and for *Apollo* too,  
What news from them?

*Cu.* They said they would bee heere immediately.

*Enter Pan, and Apollo.*

*Apo.* Why in such haste hath *Venus* sent for us?

*Ven.* I sent for *Iuno*, and for *Ceres* too,  
But they'le not come.

*Pan.* Well, what's the news with you?

*Ven.* Have you not heard how *Venus* is contemn'd?  
Her Temples gaz'd at, but not troad upon,  
Her stately hangings, and her pillowes torne;  
Those rosie garlands that her statues crown'd,  
Are wither'd, or else trampled on the ground;  
Those troopes that flock'd to *Paphos* to adore mee,  
Shun *Paphos* now, and scornfully abhorre mee.

*Pan.*

# Loves Mistris.

Plie hence, doe this, and henceforth be thou King  
Of all the Windes, and father of the Spring. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Admetus, Menetius, Zelotis, Astioche,  
Petrea, Psiche.*

*Ad.* Behold the foote of that unhappy rocke,  
Vpon whose frozen top, by *Phebus* doome,  
Thou must abide thy most sinister hap.

*Astio.* Deare sister *Psiche*.

*Psi.* Peace *Astioche*,

*Petrea*, Father : you should all have mourn'd  
When the mad spirits of the multitude  
Kneel'd downe, and call'd mee *Venus*; then have wept,  
When *Cithareas* Altars were left bare,  
And I was call'd a goddesse; when these teares,  
Whose recking makes my funerall lights burne dimme,  
Might have quench'd *Venus* wrath; but leave mee now  
To fight with death, or meete worse misery.

*Aene.* But lurkes that serpent in this satall rocke?

*Pet.* So said *Apello*.

*Zelo.* Then *Menetius*,

Wee will conduſt faire *Psiche* to the cave,  
And rip the monsters inтраiles with our swords.

*Psi.* Forbeare all force, I will ascend alone;

*Phebus* will be displeas'd; Alone said hee,  
Distressed *Psiche* shall climbe up yon hill.

*Ad.* The way is dangerous, thou wilt loose thy selfe  
Without a guide.

## *Loves Mistress.*

*Pf.* Death must my conduct bee,  
See where the pale hagge stands; vaine world adue;  
I am his bride, hee waites for none of you.

*Shee climbs up the Rocke.*

*Ad.* What paines the poore girle takes, see how shee strives  
Against the swelling bosome of the hill.

*Mene.* See the kind brambles, as enamor'd of her,  
Circle her beautie in her catching armes,  
Woeing her to come back; as who should say,  
Thou run'st too fast to death, sweete *Pfiche* stay.

*Ad.* But all in vaine, shee now hath climb'd the Rock,  
And wasts her hand, doe you the like to her,  
Whose timelesse death prepares my sepulchre.

*Petre.* Sister with courage meete thy destinie,  
To morrow, if thou liu'st, wee'le visite thee.

*Exeunt.*

### *Enter Cupid and Zephirus.*

*Cup.* Flie *Zephirus*, on top of yonder mount  
My faire Love sits; on thy soft swelling wings  
Let *Pfiche* ride—— you Voyces that attend mee, *Ex. Zep.*  
Dance in the aire like wantons, to intice  
My love to dwell in *Cupids* Paradise:  
Musicke with ravishing tones inchant her eares;  
A banquet there: Shee that doth *Cupid* wed,  
Thus shall shee live, and thus be honoured.

*Exit.*

*Enter Zephirus and takes Pfiche from the Rocke, and  
Exit with her in his armes. A Banquet brought in.*

*Enter*

# Loves Mistress.

*Pan.* That's strange, for all are up to 'th eares in love;  
Boyes without beards get boyes, and girles beare girles,  
Fine little rattle-babies, scarce thus high,  
Are now call'd wives; If long this hot world stand,  
Wee shall have all the earth turne *Pigmy-land*.

*Ven.* All honour Love, but none adore Loves Queene.

*Apol.* The injury is great; but from whence springs it?

*Ven.* From *Pfiche* daughter to the *Arcadian King*;  
They call her Queene of Love, will know no other,  
And swear my Sonne shall kneele and call her mother.

*Cup.* But Cupid sweares to make the jacks forsworne.

*Apol.* Will *Citharea* swallow this disgrace?

*Pan.* What shall *Pan* doe in this?

*Ven.* Lend me your ayds:

If you meete *Pfiche*, charge young *Mercury*  
To send mee to her, or Imprison her  
Till you have sent mee word.

*Apol.* If this be all, *Venus* shall have her wish.

*Pan.* *Pan* by his vpright hornes and beard doth swear  
To hunt out *Pfiche*; but if I doe this,  
What will sweete *Venus* give mee?

*Ven.* A sweete kisse;  
And *Phebus* shall have one, *Cupid* another,  
Vpon condition they will right those wrongs  
Which *Pfiche* in her great pride throwes on mee;  
Draw from thy quiver a dull leaden shaft,  
And stricke it through her bosome to her heart;  
Make her in Love, but let her proud eyes doate  
On some ill-shapen drudge, some ugly foole:  
Doe this; Ile weave for thee a Coronet

## Love's Mistress.

Of Roses; mixt with Berenices haire;  
And give thee my best charriot, and my Doves  
To hunt with on the earth; or in the ayre;  
Wilt thou doe this my boy?

*Cup.* I will forsooth.

*Ven.* Nay do not mock mee, wilt thou?

*Cup.* Yes indeede; Indeeде I will forsooth.

*Ven.* Sweete lad adue then:

*Apollo, Pan,* revenge poore *Venus* wroags,  
Whilst I unyoke my silver coloured teame,  
To wanton on the bosome of yon streame. *Exit.*

*Apol.* Now shee hath call'd me downe unto the earth,  
He try what pastimes dwell amongst the swaines. *Exit.*

*Pan.* And with my Satires I will have some sport.  
Heere in the *Arcadian* vallyes. *Exit.*

*Cup.* Shall *Pisches* beautious eyes gaze on base love?  
Noe, let my Mother storme, and chafe and lower,  
Shee shall be none but *Cupids* Paramoure:

*Enter Zephirus.*

Ho *Zephirus*, — how now thou puffing slave,  
Art thou growne proud, thou swell'st so? Gentle winde,  
Clap on thy smoothest feathers, sleekest wings,  
And mount thee to the top of yonder rocke,  
There shalt thou find anon, a forlorne maide,  
Convey her gently downe into the vaile  
That borders on my bower; see this perform'd,  
And I will cloath thee in a grasle-green robe,  
Spotted with Daisies, Pincks, and Marigolds;  
He play the thiefe in *Floraes* treasure,  
To make all eyes in love with *Zephirus*;

*Flie*

## Loves Mistress.

To this sweete voice, could I enjoy the sight,  
I should my selfe then stile Queene of delight.

*Cup.* Pleasure shall bee thy lackie; wilt thou hunt,  
Then in an ayerie charriot drawne by birds,  
On the winds downie backe my love shall ride;  
Mild *Zephirus* shall be thy Waggoner;  
Who if the heate offend, his siluer wings  
Shall fan coole ayre upon thee, yet my love,  
If thou commit'st one sinne, thou art not mine.

*Psi.* Name it, and Ile avoid it for your sake.

*Cu.* Thy mourning sisters shortly will returne,  
And seeke thee on the rocke from whence thou cam'st,  
But shun their sight and speech; *Psiche* doe this,  
Thou rob'st mee else of Love, thy selfe of blisse.

*Psi.* Not speake nor see my sisters; oh what pleasure  
Can *Psiche* take, lock't in a golden Iayle?

*Cup.* Runne not ur to thy ruine gentle love;  
Yet if thou needs wilt see and speake with them,  
Command my seruant *Zephirus* to bring them  
From top of yonder rocke into this vaile;  
But if they make inquiry who I am,  
Fill both their laps with gold, and send them gon,  
Besides I woe thee by this nuptiall kisse,  
Doe not perswade me to disclose my shape,  
Attempting that, thou loosest this high state;  
I then must leave thee, thou live desolate.

*Psi.* In all these things, I will obey my love.

*Cup.* Then *Psiche*, in thine unseene husbands hand  
Classe thy white fingers; Ile now crowne thy bed  
With the sweete spoiles of thy lost Maiden-head. *Exeunt.*

*Enter*

# *Loves Mistress.*

*Enter Apuleius and Midas.*

*Mid.* Hand off, let goe my sheepe-hooke, Ile not stay,  
Ile hang my selfe, ere Ile see out thy Play :  
Call you this Poetry ?

*Ap.* If this displease thee *Midas*, then Ile shew thee  
Ere I proceede with *Cupid* and his Love,  
What kind of people I commerst withall  
In my transhape.

*Mi.* That's when thou wert an Asse.

*Ap.* The very same.

*Mi.* Yes, that I faine would see.

*Ap.* Sit then and view thine owne infirmitie.

*A Dance. Enter a Proud Asse with eares.*

*Mi.* What fellowes that ?

*Ap.* A selfe-will'd insolent foole,  
Who spights at those above him, and those beneath  
Despiseth, and his equals jets upon ;  
Rich in his owne conceit, in judgement poore,  
Still carping, tho 'a coxcombe, and may passe,  
As these dayes goe, for a prond arrogant Asse.

*Dance. Enter a Prodigall Asse.*

*Mid.* I this I like : What fellowes that ?

*Ad.* A fellow hee,  
Who riots that, which most penuriously  
His father hoorded, in drabs, drinke and play ;

Wearing

# Loves Mistress.

*Enter Zephirus with Psiche, and places her at the Banquet, and Exit.*

*Psf.* Where am I now? For through the cheerefull aire  
Hither I have beene brought, on unseene wings;  
What wonderous place is this? No serpent sure  
Lurkes in this pleasant bowre: my eare drinks sounds  
Of heaven-tun'd Instruments; I see no creature,  
And yet me thought soft fingers set me downe,  
And I am forc'd by sweete compulsion, *A Banquet first plaine,*  
To bee the onely guest of this faire board, *and presently set one*  
Which emptie, is as soone new furnished; *with all Delicates.*  
I faine would touch these sweetes, but feare to taste them.

*Eccho.* Taste them. 2. Taste them. 3. Taste them.

*Psf.* What voice is that? I dare no longer sit.

*Eccho.* Sit. 2. Sit. 3. Sit.

*Psf.* Who mock's mee? Are you devills, or are you gods.

*Eccho.* Gods. 2. Gods. 3. Gods.

*Psf.* The gods will doe no harme.

*Eccho.* No harme. No harme. No harme.

*Psf.* *Psiche* bee bold, and taste this heavenly foode.

*Eccho.* Ha ha ha. 2. Ha ha ha. 3. Ha ha ha.

*Psf.* These are no *Ecchoes*, for they shift their place,  
Nor catch they my last words as *Ecchoes* doe:  
For when I would have fed, they mock'd my pride,  
They laught aloud at my presumption:  
No, these are Fury-Elues, and will torment mee,

*Enter Zephirus with Drinke.*

## Loves Mistress.

If thus I talke to them, — Who fills this wine,  
And tempts my eye with it? as who should say,  
Drinke *Psiche*.

*Eccho*. Drinke *Psiche*. 2. Drinke *Psiche*. 3. Drinke *Psiche*,  
*Psi*. Ile taste no drop of this enchanted wine :  
Faine from this magick circle would I rise,  
Yet dare not; oh let *Psiche* see your eyes,  
Or rid me hence, and set my feares in peace.

*Ecch*. Peace. 2. Peace. 3. Peace.

### Enter Cupid.

*Cup*. How lovely is my *Psiche*; earth's too base  
To be possesst of her Celestiall forme :  
My Mother hates her; for the gods I feare  
Would banish her from earth, my Love being there ;  
And therefore shall shee live in *Cupids* Bower,  
For shee deserues to bee Loves Paramioure :  
Oh how my faire eyes wound mee; by this kisse,  
And this white hand.

*Psi*. Oh mee ! what voice is this  
I feele? besides, soft fingers, and a ring.

*Cup*. Long white fingers; soft white hand,  
Ring and all at thy command.

*Psi*. Is this my husband then?

*Cup*. Ho Zephirus,  
Remove hence these Ambrosian dishes straight.

*Zephirus takes off the Banquet.*

*Psi*. My father much mistooke the Oracle;

To

## *Loves Mistress.*

Wearing fantastick habitts, and gay clothes,  
Till hee hath quite exhausted all his gold,  
And for a Prodigall Asse may bee enroul'd.

*Dance. Enter a Drunken Asse.*

*Ms.* This gives me good content——What's hee?

*Ap.* A pot-companion, brother to the glasse,  
That roares in 's cupps, indeede a drunken Asse.

*Dance. Enter an Vsurer.*

*Ms.* He looks like a good fellow——Now that gay-beard?

*Ap.* One that doth pinch his-belly in his life,  
And starue his owne guts to make others feede;  
Patcheth his owne clothes to make others proud,  
And for a covetous Asse may be alow'd.

*Dance. A young Gentle-Woman.*

*Ms.* But so did never *Midas*——Now, that Minks.

*Ap.* Her mothers darling shee, borne to good meanes;  
In love with all shee sees, yet truely, none;  
Who when great Heires are proffered, trifles them;  
And in the end, when with none else shee can,  
Shee marries with her fathers seruing-man:  
And that is a right shee-Asse.

*Dance. An Ignorant Asse.*

*Ms.* What Reverend persons that of all the other?

D

I like

## Loves Mistress.

I like him best.

*Ap.* That *Midas*, is thy brother,  
A piece of mooving earth, illiterate, dull ;  
Who having in himsele naught commendable,  
Enuies what's good in others; and yet dare  
In his owne impudence, with Arts compare :  
A blocke, a stone, yet learning hee'le revile,  
And a dull Ignorant Ass we will him stile.

*Mi.* But where's your Poet Ass among all these ?

*Dance and Exit.*

*Ap.* Ther's no such creature.

*Mi.* Then what call'st thou those  
That let not men lie quiet in their graves,  
But hant their ghosts with ballatts, and bal'd rimes ?  
Doe they not teach the very feinds in hill  
Speake in blanke verse; doe wee not daily see  
Every dull-witted Ass spit Poetrie :  
And for thy Scene; thou bring'st heere on the stage  
A young greene-sicknesse baggage to run after  
A little ape-fac'd boy thou tearm'st a god ;  
Is not this most absur'd ?

*Ap.* Mis-understanding foole, thus much conceive,  
*Psiche* is *Anima*, *Psiche* is the Soule;  
The Soule a Virgin, longs to be a bride,  
The soule's Immortall, whom then can shee wooe  
But Heaven ? whom wed, but Immortality :  
Oh blame not *Psiche* then, if mad with rage,  
Shee long for this so divine marriage.

*Mid.* But tell mee then, why should *Apollo* say,  
All love her, and yet none will marry her.

*Apuleius*

# Loves Mistris.

*Ap.* All love faire *Pfiche*, all cast amorous eyes  
On the soules beautie, but who is't will wed her?  
None with the soule will leade so strict a life  
As heaven enjoynes, with such a blessed wife.

*Mi.* Thou promp't my understanding pretty well ;  
But why should *Venus* being Queene of Love,  
Wish her sonne *Cupid* to enamour her  
On some base groome mis-shapen, and deform'd ?

*Ap.* By *Venus* heere, is meant untemperate lust;  
Lust woes her sonne *Desire*, to inflame the soule  
With some base groome, that 's to some ugly sinne ;  
*Desire* is good and ill ; the evill swears  
To obey his mother *Venus*, and vexes *Pfiche* :  
But *Cupid* representing true desire,  
Doates on the Soules sweete beauty, sends his servant  
*Zephirus*; In whom, Celestiall pleasur's meant,  
To entice his love, the Soule, to his chaste bed,  
Giving her heaven for her lost maiden-head.

*Mi.* Onely one riddle more, and I have done ;  
Why did the poore girle *Pfiche* take such paines ?  
What scrambling shift shee made to climbe the mountaine,  
And cawle through brakes and briers to get a husband.

*Ap.* This shewes how many strong adversities,  
Crosses, Pricks, Thornes, and Rings of conscience,  
Would throw the ambitious soule affecting heaven,  
Into dispaire, and fainting diffidence,  
Which *Pfiche* must passe through ; the Soule must flie  
Through thousand letts, to seeke eternitie.

*Mi.* Thou hast made this somewhat plaine.

*Ap.* Kind Gentlemen,

# Loves Mistress.

Winke at our strife, you may in pardoning this,  
Count this our talke a meere Parentesis.

*Exeunt.*

## ACT. II. SCENE. I.

*Enter Psiche, Astioche, and Petrea.*

*Psi.* **W**elcome deare sisters; with the breath of Love,  
Poore *Psiche* gives kind welcome to you both:  
Oh tell me then by what auspicious guide,  
You came conducted to this sacred place?

*Asti.* Sister you shall: when many a weary step  
Had brought us to the top of yonder rocke,  
Mild *Zephirus* embrac'd us in his armes,  
And in a cloude of rich and strong perfumes,  
Brought's unto the skirts of this Greene meade.

*Psi.* And happily arriv'd: Nature and Art  
Have strove to make this dale their treasure;  
Windes flie on *Psiches* errands; shapes unseene  
Are my attendants, and to make mee sport,  
Will dance like nimble Echoes in the ayre,  
And mocke mee.

*Eccho.* Mock me. 2. Mock me. 3. Mock me.

*Psi.* Sisters, how like you this?

*Eccho.* This, ha ha ha. 2. This, ha ha ha. 3. This, ha ha ha.

*Petre.* They mock us, will they doe no harme to us?

*Psi.* Oh no.

*Eccho.* No. 2. No. 3. No.

*Psiche*

# Loves Mistress.

*Pf.* Bablers, be silent.

*Eccho.* Silent. 2. Silent. 3. Silent.

*Pf.* Or Ile punish you;

And let me heare some musicke — Loud — And still.

*Loude Musicke, and still Musicke.*

Tell mee, how like you this?

*Ast.* It flies the reach of Admiration.

*Petr.* But let us see the shapes of them that play,

What are they, speake? or what's your husbands name?

Let's know our brother, that wee may relate

To th' King our father your high honour'd state.

*Pf.* My husband, sister, is now rid from home.

*Ast.* Why, say he bee; I hope you know his name;

Wee'le ransacke all the Pallace but wee'le find him:

Is your sweete-heart so proud, hee'le not be seene?

*Petr.* Where is hee *Pfiche*?

*Pf.* Trust mee, hee's from home.

*Ast.* Let's see his Picture then?

*Pf.* Lasse I have none.

*Petr.* Describe his person.

*Pf.* I must shift them hence,

My tongue will else breede my confusion.

*Ast.* Nay sister, when?

*Petr.* When sister will it bee?

*Pf.* How should I give him shape I never saw?

Hee's a faire lovely youth, upon each cheek,

Smiles lie in cheerefull dimples; on his brow

Sits Love and Majestie in g'orious pride;

His eyes such beauty in their circles hold,

That walking in the night, I have thought them starres:

## Loves Mistress.

Long flaxen curled tresses crowne his head,  
Come, come, you shall not be enamored  
On my faire husband; this for all suffice,  
Hee's young and rich.

*Asti.* Oh how my blood doth rise  
In enuy of her high felicitie; speake, what's his name?

*Psi.* Home, Home; more musicke there, I must to rest:

*Recorders.* Enter Zephirus with baggs.

Ho Zephirus, come soorth, and bring mee brim-full baggs of  
Hold up your lapps; tho' them you cannot see (gold:  
That bring this gold, this larges take from mee;  
Adieu, adeiu: my duty to the King,  
I needs must stop mine eares when Syrens sing. *Exit.*

*Petr.* *Astioche.*

*Asti.* Petrea, oh, I am mad to note her pride;  
Her husband is no serpent as 'twas said,  
And false *Apollo* sung; hee is some god,  
And this his Temple, for no mortall hand  
Hath laid these Christiall pavements, cloath'd these meades  
In never-fading liveries of greene;  
*Flora* you see cloathes all the ground with flowers,  
*Flora* is *Psiches* hand-maid; *Zephirus*  
Is but her foote-boy, lackeys at her becke.

*Petr.* Yet shee's our sister, and it doth mee good  
To see rich worth in any of our blood.

*Asti.* Thou art a foole Petrea, for I hate  
That any's fortune should transcend my state;  
Shee sends us hence in scorne, but wee'le returne,  
And never cease, till by some treachery,  
Her prid wee make a slave to misery.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter*

# Loves Mistress.

*Enter Admetus, Menetius, and Zelotis,*

*Mene.* Patience great sir, you have not lost them all,  
Doubtlesse the two last live.

*Zelo.* Sir though they be your daughters, th'are our wives,  
And wee are in no such despaire of them.

*Ad.* Admit you were one for *Astioche*,  
And that another for *Petrea* wept,  
You two, but for two wives shed husbands teares;  
For you and them, I sorrow all: your feares  
Devided betwixt you; on me alone,  
Lies like a mountaine, and thus casteth downe  
*Admetus* wretched body, with his crowne;  
They followed *Psiche* and her destiny,  
Hath given them death, us living misery.

*Enter Evemore.*

*Eve.* Rise Royall Sir, your Daughters are return'd.

*Ad.* Oh where, which way; are my two daughters come?

*Eve.* Yes sir, and both their lapps are fill'd with gold.

*Enter Astioche and Petrea.*

*Ad.* Well come to both in one; oh can you tell  
What fate your sister hath?

*Both.* *Psiche* is well.

*Ad.* So among mortalls, it is often sed,  
Children and friends are well, when they are dead.

*Astio.* But *Psiche* lives, and on her breath attends

Delights

## Love's Mistress.

Delights that farre surmount all earthly joy;  
Musicke, sweete voyces, and Ambrosian fare,  
Windes; and the light-wing'd creatures of the ayre;  
Cleere channel'd rivers, springs, and flowrie meades,  
Are proud when *Pfiche* wantons on their streames,  
When *Pfiche* on their rich Imbroiderie treads,  
When *Pfiche* guilds their Christall with her beames;  
Wee have but seene our sister; and behold  
She sends us with our lapps full brimm'd with gold.

*Adm.* Oh, you amaze me Daughters.

*Pet.* Let joy banish amazement from your Kingly thoughts;  
*Pfiche* is wedded to some Deitie,  
And prays withall, our quicke returne againe.

*Ad.* VVee grant it; wee with you and these, will goe  
To *Pfiches* bowre; desire inflames my minde,  
To sit on the bright wings of that blest winde.

*Asti.* Oh but the god that governes *Pfiches* thoughts;  
For sure hee is Immortall; charg'd my sister  
To talke with none but us.

*Petr.* Yet by the magicke of our tongues wee'le try  
If wee can win you so much libertie.

*Ad.* Goe my *Astioche*, but come againe  
To comfort him that must thy want complaine;  
Goe with my love *Petrea*, but returne  
VVith winged speede, whil'ft wee your absence mourne;  
Goe with my blessing; blest those sisters bee,  
That live like you in bonds of unitie:  
Give *Pfiche* this; give her thou this *Petrea*; *Kisseb them.*  
Tell her shee is my selfe, my soules *Idea*,  
And say, whil'ft shee is spotlesse, lovely white,

Shee

# Loves Mistress.

Shee shall bee my sole comfort, my delight:  
So part with my best wishes.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Clowne, with three or foure Swaines.*

*Clo.* And what might you call that yong gentleman, that rules and raignes, revells and roares in these walkes of *Arcadia*, that makes you borrow sheepes eyes from your flocks, and leaves you no more braines in your heads then in your sheepe-hooke? What might you call that gallant?

1. *Swa.* Whom doe you meane, him whom god *Pan* so honours, the Fawnes feare, and the Satires shake to see.

*Clo.* *Ille Ipse*, the same; I desire no more then this sheepe-hooke in my hand to encounter with that swath-buckler.

2. *Swa.* It is the god of Love, they call him *Cupid*.

*Clo.* *Cupid* Coxcombe; your Satyrs are all fots, your Fawnes fooles, and your *Pan* a pittifull poore fellow; had I their hornes (as I know not what I may have in time) I would gore him; and what weapons doth hee use?

3. *Swa.* They say Bow and Arrowes.

*Clo.* Bow and Bird-boults doth he not; and how lies hee? where's his guard? what's his play? Can any of you all give me his true title?

1. *Swa.* Not I, 'tis farr beyond mee.

*Clo.* Then harken oh you hoydes, and listen oh you Illiterates, whilst I give you his stile in Folio: Hee is King of cares, cogitations, and cox-combes; Vice-roy of vowes and vanities; Prince of passions, prate-apaces, and pickled lovers; Duke of disasters, dissemblers, and drown'd eyes; Marquesse of molancholly,

## Loves Mistris.

cholly and mad-folkes, grand Signior of griefes, and grones;  
Lord of lamentations, Heroe of hie-hoes, Admirall of aymees,  
and Mounfier of mutton-lac'd.

2. *Swaine*. Heere's a stile I shall never bee able to get over.

*Clo*. And who doe you thinke maintaines this princox in his *Pontificalibus*?

1. *Swa*. Nay, it exceeds my capacitie.

*Clo*. A company of pittifull fellowescall'd Poets; did you never heare of one *Homer*, and of the Tale of *Troy*, and of a ten yeeres siege, and many such trifles.

2. *Swa*. Yes, and many things concerning them.

*Clowne*. But heare mee, oh you misse of mis-understanding; This *Troy* was a Valliage of some Twenty houses; and *Priam*, as silly a fellow as I am, onely loving to play the good-fellow, hee had a great many bowfing lads; whom hee called sonnes.

3. *Swa*. As wee have heere in *Arcadia*.

*Clo*. Iust the same; by this *Troy* ranne a small Brooke, that one might stuide over; on the other side dwelt *Menelaus* a Farmer, who had a light wench to his Wife call'd *Hellen*, that kept his sheepe, whom *Paris*, one of *Priams* mad lads, seeing and liking, ticeth over the brooke; and lies with her in despite of her husbands teeth; for which wrong, hee sends for one *Agamemnon* his brother, that was then high Cunstable of the hundred, and complaynes to him; hee sends to one *Vlisses*, a faire spoken fellow, and Towne-clarke, and to divers others, amongst whom was one stowt fellow called *Ajax*, a Butcher, who upon a Holy-day, brings a payte of cudgells, and layes them downe in the mid't, where the

Two

## Loves Mispris.

Two Hundreds were then met, which *Hector* a Baker, another bould lad of the other side seeing, steps forth, and takes them up; these two had a bowte or two for a broken pate; And heere was all the circumstance of the *Trojan* Warres.

1. *Swa.* To see what these Poets can doe.

*Clowne.* But listen to them, and they will fill your heads with a thousand fooleries; observe one thing, there's none of you all sooner in love, but hee is troubled with their itch, for hee will bee in his Amorets, and his Canzonets, his Pastoralls, and his Madrigalls, to his Phillis, and his Amorillis.

1. *Swa.* Oh beautionous Amorillis.

*Clo.* And what's Amorillis thinkst thou?

1. *Swa.* A faire and lovely creature.

*Clo.* He shew thee the contrary by her owne name, *Amor* is love, *illis*, is ill, is ill, cannot bee good; *Ergo Amorillis* is starke naught; let one or two examples serue for more, there's one of our fayrest Nimphes called *Susanna*; what is *Susanna*, but *Sus* and *anna*, which is in plaine *Arcadia*, *Nan* is a Sow.

2. *Swa.* Well, you have taught us more then ever I understood before, concerning Poetrie.

*Clowne.* Come to mee but one howre in a morning, and He reade deeper Philosophie to you; good-morrow Neighbors; Poets, quoth a; What's *Titule tu p.tule*, but Titles and Pages; What's *Propria que maribus*, but a Proper man loves Mary-bons, or *Feminino generi tribuuntur*, but the Feminine Gender is troublesome; what's *Ovid*, but *quasi* a void; now should I be in love, with whom? with *Doll*, what's that but

# Love's Mistress.

Dole and lamentation, with lugg, what's shee, but sister to a black-pot, or what's Pegg, good for nothing but to drive into poste: no *Cupid*, I desire thee and all thy genealogie.

*Enter Cupid.*

*Cup.* What's hee that so prophanes our deitie?  
And scornes that power which all the gods adore;  
To whom *Iove* some-times bends, and *Neptune* kneeles,  
*Mars* homageth, and *Phebus* will submit,  
Slie *Mercury* obay, and *Vulcan* bow too;  
And all the rurall gods and goddesses,  
Saytirs and Nymphes, allow their soveraigne;  
Hee shall not scape unpunished.

*Clo.* If I could but find one of these fantastickall Poets, or light upon that little god their Patron, I would so tickle them.

*Cup.* This hobinall, this rusticke, this base clowne;  
I find him of a dull and braine-lesse eye,  
Such as I know a golden-headed shaft  
Will never enter; of a skinne so thicke,  
As pointed siluer hath no power to pierce:  
For such grosse fooles, I have a boul't in store,  
Which though it cannot wound, shall give a blow,  
To startle all within him.

*Shootes.*

*Clo.* Oh me, hey-hoe.

*Cup.* Lie there base *Midas* bastard, that refuses  
All-honour'd love, and rayl'st against the *Muses*.

*Exit.*

*Clo.* Oh coward, whatsoere thou art, to come behind a man  
and

## Loves Mistress.

and strike him before, for I saw no body ——— to shoote, and never give a man warning, oh coward, I am payd, I am pepper'd; the case is alter'd, for any one may gesse by the hugenessse of the blow, that I am mightily in love; ay-me, that any wench were heere, whose name is Ayme; now could I be in love with any madge, though she were an Howlet, or with any mayd, though she look't like a Malkin; Oh Poetry, I find that I am poyson'd with thee too; for me-thinks I could say my prayers in blanke-verse, nay let me see, I thinke I could rime for a neede;

*Cupid* I yeeld, since so I know thy will is,  
And Ile goe seeke me out some *Amarillis*, *Exit.*

*Enter Psiche alone.*

*Ps.* There's at this time a combat in my soule,  
Whether to trust my well-knowne sisters better,  
Or my yet unseene husband; I have asked,  
Demanded, and enquired of all my traine,  
This fairy-traine that hourelly waites on mee,  
Yet none of them will tell mee what hee is;

*Enter Cupid.*

Besides, this solitude to be alone,  
Begins to grow most tedious, and my feares  
Doe every way distract mee.

*Cup.* Why how now *Psiche*?

*Ps.* Oh let Mercies eyes  
Shine on my fault.

*Cup.* Are these thy heaven-bound vows?  
Are all thy protestations guilded ayre?

## *Loves Mistress.*

Hast thou no more regard to my command,  
Or thine owne safety?

*Psf.* Deare love pardon mee.

*Cup.* Once more I doe; and still must pardon thee,  
And thou must still offend, still torture mee;  
Yet once againe Ile try thy constancy:  
Thy sisters are at hand.

*Psf.* But gentle Love,  
Shall I not speake to them?

*Cup.* Yes, but I woe thee  
To send them quickly hence, or they'le undoe thee;  
They now are at the Rock, bid the coole winde  
To please thee, bring them to the place assign'd.

*Exit.*

*Enter Zephirus with the two Sisters.*

*Psf.* Ho Zephirus,  
Tell me the cause of your so quicke returne?

*Asti.* *Pfiche* wee come with danger of our lives,  
To save our sister from ensuing harme.

*Psf.* What harme? What danger?

*Asti.* Danger eminent,  
Once you refused our Counsell, and deni'd  
To let us know your husband, or his name.

*Petr.* Come, let's see him.

*Psf.* Oh, what shall I doe?

*Petr.* Escape the danger you are fall'n into.

*Psf.* You cannot see him.

*Asti.* Give us then his shape?

*Pfiche*

## Loves Mistis.

*Pfi.* His shape, why hee's a man whose snowie head  
Bowes on his bosome, through the weight of age.

*Asti.* That cannot bee; you said hee was a youth  
Of comely stature, with long flaxen haire.

*Pfi.* I am entrap'd.

*Asti.* Speake, did you ever see your husband?

*Pfi.* Why doe you aske, pray trouble me no more;  
Leave me, and I will fill your lapps with gold.

*Asti.* Once thy gold tempted us to leave this place,  
And to betray thy life to misery,

It shall not now, did not *Appollo* doome

Thy fatall marriage to some hiddeous beast;

How just is *Phœbus* in his auguries;

Last night, when wee went hence laden with gold,

Wee spide a serpent gliding on the meade,

Who at the sight of us, writhing his head

Proudly into the ayre, first hilt at heaven,

Because it did not shade him from oureyes.

*Pfi.* How did that serpent vanish from your sight?

*Asti.* In at these gates hee rowld, *Pische* be wife,  
For tho' a while hee dally with thy beauty,

Dulling thy taste with sweetes, thy eyes with shewes,

Thy eares with musicke, and sweete lullabies,

Hee will in time devoure thee.

*Pfi.* Miserable wretch,

How shall I flie the fate that follows mee?

Whose helpe shall I inuoke?

*Perr.* Tell us the trueth,

And wee'll devise some meanes to succour thee.

*Pfi.* You are my sisters, I confesse to you,

I never

## Loves Mistress.

I never saw his face, know not his shape,  
Yet have I touch'd his eyes, and felt his hands,  
Oft have I kist his cheekes, more oft his lipps;  
Eyes, hands, lipps, cheekes, and face so charm'd my touch,  
That I have sworne, save his, there were none such;  
Yet your strange story makes mee to suspect  
That hee's some serpent, for hee tells me still,  
To see his glorious shape, will ruine mee;  
Besides hee bids mee shun your company,  
Else you will breede my sorrow; this is that  
Which troubles mee.

*Ast.* Heare then my counsell; Instantly provide  
A keene-edg'd rayfor, and a burning lampe;  
At night, when sleepe sits on his monstrous eyes,  
Steale from his speckled side, step to your light,  
And without feare behold his horrid shape,  
And with the rayfor cut his skalie throate;  
And so by death gaine life, and hee being dead,  
*Pfiche* shall to some King be married.

*Petr.* How doth our sister relish this devise?

*Pf.* I doe embrace your counsell, and this night  
Ile put the same in execution;  
Come, you have made mee resolute and bould,  
And now receive your lapps ore-swell'd with gold. *Exit.*

*Ast.* Swell in thy pride, untill thou break'st thy heart,  
Yet come, wee'le take her larges ere wee part. *Exit.*

*Enter Midas and Apuleius.*

*Mi.* Poet no more; I have enough of *Pfiche*;

Her

## Loves Mistris.

Her sisters and the serpent, all of them  
Most villanous lies, Ile prooveit; and unlesse  
To please my selfe, and keepe mine eyes from sleepe,  
Thou'lt let mee shew thee some of our fine sport,  
Such as wee use heere in *Arcadia*,  
I will endure no longer.

*Ap.* Well, I am pleas'd.

*Ms.* Ile shew thee in a dance.

*Ap.* Art some-times must give way to ignorance.

## A D A N C E.

*Enter Pan, Clowne, Swaines, and Country-wenchers;*  
*They Dance, and Exit.*

*Ms.* Was not this sport indeede?

*Ap.* My modestie gives thee no reprehension,  
For I am well pleased with your Pastorall mirth;  
But as thou had'st a power over mine eyes,  
To sit it out with patience; so lend mee  
Thy attentive cares.

*Ms.* First cleere thy obsurdities,  
Nay, grosse ones too; heere *Pische* lyes abominably,  
And sayes shee has two husbands, the one young,  
The other old: How canst thou answer this?

*Ap.* Though thy vaine doubts be most familiar  
To these Iudicious hearers, well experienc'd,  
As well in matters Morrell as Divine;  
To thee Ile make it plaine.

## Loves Mistris.

*Mi.* I prethee doe.

*Ap.* Did *Psiche* lie to say shee had two loves?  
How like art thou to *Psiche*, thee to thee.

*Mi.* To me, I scorne her likenesse.

*Ap.* In this poynt thou art,  
For rather then thy sisters shall grow angry,  
To make earths drossie pleasures stay for thee,  
Thou wilt exclaime with *Psiche*, *Cupids* young;  
The joyes of heaven are all too young, too little  
To be believ'd or look'd at; if that faile,  
Thou with the soule wilt say, my love is old,  
Divine delights are crooked like old age,  
Who will not vow, sweake, nay sweare any thing,  
To have their vaine delights seru'd like a king.

*Mi.* 'Tis pretie, but your Ecchoes pleas'd me best;  
Oh if a man had seene them.

*Ap.* With a mortall eye none can; in them is hid this mystery;  
Caelestiall raptures, that to allure the sight,  
Are seene no more then voices being on high,  
Subject unto no weake, and fleshly eye.

*Mi.* But why did *Cupid* hide himselfe from *Psiche*?

*Ap.* Oh who dares prie into those mysteries,  
That heaven would have conceal'd; for this shee's charg'd  
Not to see *Cupids* face, to shun her sisters.

*Mi.* Those gadding girles, what did'st thou meane by them?

*Ap.* The restlesse sinnes that travell night and day,  
Enuying her blisse, the sweete soule to betray.

*Mi.* Well, by this little I conceive the rest,  
I care not greatly if I stay it out,  
But if not lik't, Ile either sleepe or flowte.

# Loves Mistress.

*Ap.* So will not these I hope, before they view  
What horrid dangers *Cupid's* bride pursue. *Exeunt.*

## ACT. III. SCENE. I.

*Enter Psiche in night-attire, with a Lampe and  
a Rayser.*

*Psi.* **T**imes eldest daughter Night, mother of ease,  
Thou gentle nurse, that with sweete lullabies,  
Care-waking hearts to gentle slumber charm'st;  
Thou smooth-cheek'd negro night, the black-ey'd  
That rid'st about the world on the soft backs ( *Queene,*  
Of downy Ravens sleeke and sable plumes,  
And from thy Charriot, silent darknesse flings;  
In which man, beast, and bird, inuolop'd,  
Takes their repose and rest; *Psiche* intreats thee,  
Noe Iarrie nor sound betray her bold attempt: *Cup. discovered*  
Soft silken vaile that curtaines in my doubt, *sleeping on a*  
Give way to these white hands, these jealous eyes, *Bed.*  
Sharpe knife prepar'd for a red sacrifice;  
Bright lampe conduct me to my love or hate,  
Make mee this night blest, or infortunate:  
Wonderous amazement! what doe I behold?  
A Bow and quiver, these shafts tip'd with gold,  
With siluer this; this sluggish arrowes head,  
Is like my heauie heart, compos'd of lead;

# Love's Mistress.

Such weapons *Cubereus* Sonne doth beare,  
*Pfiche* were happy if this *Cupid* were ;  
Malitious sisters, I your enuy see,  
This is no serpent, but a Deitie :

What pretty loves, like silken slumbers lie,  
Closing the covers of each Christall eye ;  
Hence thou prepared instrument of death,  
Whilst *Pfiche* sucks new life from his sweete breath :  
Churle beauty, beauntious nigard, thus Ile chide,  
Why did'st thou from mine eyes this glory hide ?  
Ah mee, thou envious light, what hast thou done ?

*Cup.* Immortall powers, oh succour *Venus* Sonne ;  
What hellish hagg hath drop't this scalding oyle  
On Loves Caelestiall shape ?

*Pf.* 'Twas *Pfiches* hand.

*Cup.* How durst thou violate my dread command ?  
*Venus* my Mother, bid mee make thee doate  
On some base groome; and I left her and heaven,  
And with mine owne darts wounded mine owne brest;  
For all these favours, wouldst thou murder mee ?

*Pf.* Let my weaké sex pleade for my great offence.

*Cup.* No, for thy sake, this plague persue thy sex ;  
You shall have appetites, and hot desires,  
Which though suppli'd, shall nere be satisfied ;  
You shall be still rebellious, like the Sea,  
And like the windes inconstant; things forbid  
You most shall covet, loath what you should like ;  
You shall be wise in wishes, but enjoying,  
Shall venture heavens losse for a little toying:  
Ho *Zephirus*.

*Enter*

# Loves Mistress.

*Enter Zephirus.*

*Pſ.* What will my deare love doe?

*Cup.* Hence, touch me not, Ile be no more thy love:

Discharge my seruants from this fairy vaile,  
Reſigne thy office to the boyſtrous North,  
Bid famine ride upon his frozen wings,  
Till they be blaſted with his poyſonous breath;  
Muſicke, be turn'd to horror, ſmiles to teares,  
Pleaſures to ſhreikes, felicitie to feares.

*Pſ.* Why doe you plague the place for my offence?

*Cu.* Why for thy ſiſters ſake ſought'ſt thou my hate?

But I will bee reveng'd on them and thee,  
On them, for thy ſake, on thy ſelfe, for mee.

*Pſ.* For pittie heare poore *Pſiche*.

*Cup.* Noe, away?

*Pſ.* I have no way but yours; which way you flie,

Ile hang upon your wings, or fall, and die.

*Cup.* Soone ſhalt thou leave thy hold; run *Zephirus*,

*A ſtorme. Enter Boreus.*

Fetch *Boreus*——Art thou come my *Aquilon*:

*Boreus*, I charge thee by *Orithias* love,

Lay waſte and barren this faire flowrie grove,

And make this Paradice a den of ſnakes;

For I will have it uglier then hell,

And none but gaſtly ſcritch-owles heere ſhall dwell;

Breath winters ſtormes upon the bluſhing cheekes

Of beautilous *Pſiche*; with thy boyſtrous breath,

Rend off her ſilkes, and cloathe her in torne raggs;

## *Loves Mistris.*

Hang on her loath'd locks base deformity,  
And beare her to her father, leave her there,  
Barren of comfort, great with child of feare;  
*Pfiche* farewell, whil'ft thou with woes art crown'd,  
I must goe gather helpes to cure my wound. *Exit.*

*Pf.* With woes indeede; those wretches live in woe,  
Whom love forsakes, and *Pfiche* must doe so.

*Exeunt. With a great Storme.*

*Enter Clowne, Amarillis, and Swaines.*

*Clo.* Doe you heare the news, you animalls?

1. *Swa.* Is it worth the hearing?

*Clo.* A question well ask'd, for it is musicall news, and therefore worth your eares: *Apollo* being call'd by *Venus* from heaven, hath ever since kept *Admetus* his sheepe, with whom *Pan* meeting, they fell in contention, whether his Pipe or *Apollo's* Harpe could yeeld the better Musicke, and which withall could sing the best; come then my sweete *Amarillis*, and take thy place amongst the rest, for this is the day of the tryall, and amongst others, I heard my father *Midas* say, that all other businesse set a part, he would be at it; but there is one mischiefe late happened.

2. *Swa.* What's that I pritheee?

*Clo.* *Pan* hath got a cold, is hoarse, and hath lost his voice, and therefore hath chose mee to sing in his place; and *Phæbus*, because hee will take no aduantage, hath pick'd out one of his Pages to doe the like for him; therefore come, make a lane, for by this time they are upon their enterance.

1. *Swaine.*

## Loves Mistris.

*x. Swaine.* But is it possible, that *Pans* Pipe dare contend with *Apolloes* Harpe?

*Clo.* Yes that it is possible, blind harper, and that my wind-pipe shall proove; make roome, and get you all out of the lists save I, that am to be one of the combatants

*A Flourish.* Enter *Apollo*, *Pan*, *Admetus*, *Petrea*,  
*Astioche*, their two husbands, and *Midas*.

*Pan.* Who shall be Iudge?

*Apo.* *Admetus*.

*Ad.* Sacred *Apollo*, great *Pan* pardon mee;

It is a cunning much beyond my skill,  
Therefore I humbly crave to be excus'd.

*Apol.* *Admetus*, for thy hospitallity,  
*Phæbus* will be thy friend, and gives thee leave  
In this to use thy pleasure.

*Pan.* What thinks *Phæbus*

Of *Midas*, once of men; now King of beasts.

*Apol.* No better man, so please him undertake it.

*Mid.* Yes *Phæbus*, *Midas* will, and though poore *Marfias*,  
For striving with thee had his skin pull'd off,  
Yet have wee Swaines, and some too not farre off,  
I could have said, some neere to mee in blood,  
Can tickle you for a tone.

*Clo.* Meaning mee, and I will set out a throate.

*Apol.* Is this thy champion?

*Pan.* Yes, and who's for thee?

*Apol.* One of my minuts, houres, dayes, weekes, or moneths,  
Or yeeeres, or seasons, that still waite on us,

And

## *Loves Mistress.*

And have done ever since the first of time;  
Not one can come amisse.

*Ms.* Who shall begin?

*Ad.* Most voices.

*All.* Apollo, Apollo.

*Clo.* No matter tho' his Champion begin, let mee alone to  
come up with the Catastrophic.

*All.* Silence, Silence.

## S O N G.

Phœbus unto thee wee sing,  
Oh thou great Idalian king:  
Thou the God of Phisick art,  
Of Poetry, and Archery;  
wee sing unto thee with a heart,  
Devoted to thy deity:  
All bright glory crowne thy head,  
Thou souveraine of all Piety,  
whose golden beames and rayes are shed  
As well upon the poore as rich,  
For thou alike regardest each;  
Phœbus unto thee wee sing,  
Oh thou great Idalian king.

*Ms.* I marry, this was some-what to'th purpose;  
I heeds must say 'twas pretty, but god Pan,

Now

# Loves Mistris.

Now let us heare your Champion?

*Pan.* Come, stand forth?

## SONG.

*Clow.* Thou that art call'd the bright Hiperion,  
Wer't thou more strong then Spanish Gerion,  
That had three heads upon one man,  
Compare not with our great god Pan:

*They call thee Sonne of bright Latona,  
But dirt thee in thy torrid zona,  
Sweate, baste, and broyle, as best thou can,  
Thou art not like our Dripping Pan.*

*What cares hee for the great god Neptune,  
With all the breath that hee is kept in;  
Vulcan or Iove hee scornes to bow to,  
To Hermes, or the infernall Pluto.*

*Then thou that art the heavens bright eye,  
Or burne, or scorck, or boyle, or fry,  
Bee thou a god, or bee thou man,  
Thou art not like our Frying Pan.*

*They call thee Phœbus, god of day,  
Yeeres moneths, weekes houres, of March and May;  
Bring up thy army in the van,  
Wee'le meeete thee with our Pudding Pan.*

## Loves Mistris.

Thy selfe in thy bright Charriot settle,  
with Skillet arm'd, Brasse-pot, or Kettle,  
with Tugg, Black-pot, with Glasse, or Can,  
No talking to our Warming Pan.

Thou hast thy beames, thy browes to deck,  
Thou hast thy Daphne at thy beck;  
Pan hath his hornes, Sirnixe, and Phillis,  
And I Pans Swaine, my Amarillis.

*Ad.* You *Midas* have heard both; these onely waite  
Your just and upright sentence.

*Mi.* Is *Phœbus* pleased.

*Ap.* Pleased.

*Mi.* And is *Pan* content.

*Pan.* Content.

*Clow.* Now if my father can but censure as well as I sing, the  
towne's ours.

*Mi.* Yes Sonne, I can, and that most learnedly:

Thy Harpe to Pans Pipe, yeeld god Phœbus,  
For 'tis not now as in Diebus  
Illis, Pan all the yeere wee follow,  
But semel in anno ridet Apollo,  
Thy quirester cannot come neere  
The voice of this our Chanticleere,  
Then leave off these thy burning rayes,  
And give to Pan the Prick and prayse,  
Thy colour change, looke pale and wan,  
In honour of the great god Pan.

*All.*

# Love's Mistress.

*Al.* A sentence, a sentence, a *Pan*, a *Pan*.

*Apol.* Henceforth be all your rurall musicke such,  
Made out of Tinkers, Pans, and Kettle-drummes;  
And never hence-foorth may your fields bee grac'd  
With the sweete musick of *Apollos* lyre :

*Midas* for thee, may thy cares longer grow,  
As shorter still thy judgement, dulnesse, and dotage,  
Bee onely govern'd with those reverend haire ;  
Let all like thee, that as they grow in time,  
Decay in knowledge, have that old mans curse,  
To be twice Children : for thy squeaking sonne,  
May all thy state thou leav'st him at thy death,  
Bee to sing Ballets through *Arcadia*,  
And them to the like tunes ; fare-well *Admetus*,  
My musicke lives unquestion'd, what's amisse  
Is not in us, but in their ignorance ;  
Thus undisparadg'd, *Phæbus* leaves the place,  
And with them to succession, my disgrace.

*Exit.*

*Ad.* *Phæbus* is gone displeas'd.

*Pan.* Still may he be so.

*Mi.* *Midas* I'me sure has judg'd with equitie.

*A Storme. Enter Psiche and Boreas.*

*Clo.* But see father, see god *Pan*, if in revenge, he hath not sent  
a blustering wind to blow us all hence; 'tis *Boreas*, 'tis *Boreas*.

*Pan.* Come *Midas*, come Swaines, till this storme be past,  
Let us away to shelter.

*Exeunt.*

*Psi.* Where art thou *Psiche*, how art thou deform'd ?  
What ayre affords thee breath ? what men be these ?  
Where shall I hid mee; let no humane eye

# Loves Mistress.

Behold mee thus disfigured, and asham'd :  
My Father, Brothers, and my Sisters too,  
That wrought my fall, what shall poore *Psiche* doe ?

*Ad.* What bare anotomy of griefe is this,  
That glads mine eare with sound of *Psiches* name ?

*Psi.* 'Tis her owne tongue, the herald of her shame ;  
Father *Admetus*, Sisters, pittie mee.

*Ad.* Thou art no child of mine.

*Assi.* Spurne her away,

'Tis some infectious strumpet, and her breath  
Will blast our cheekes; her sight is worse then death.

*Psi.* I did not use you thus, nor spurne you backe,  
When on the nimble wings of *Zephirus*  
You were transported into *Cupids* vaile;  
Your entertainment then deseru'd more right,  
Then like a dogge, thus spurne mee from your sight;  
Sisters.

*Petr.* Out hagge, wee scorne thy sister-hood.

*Psi.* You scorne mee too; nay then at last I see,  
Pride will not looke on base deformity :

Father *Admetus*, pittie wretched *Psiche*. *Kneels.*

*Ad.* Out Impudence; If once againe thy tongue  
Mangle the reputation of my girle,  
Ile have it straight torne out, hence with th' Impostor.

*Psi.* Yf'd like a dogge, and by a fathers doome,  
Dragg'd from his presence, how am I transform'd ?  
Ile try my Brothers next, upon my knees.

*Zelo.* Depart the place, for mee, I know thee not.

*Psi.* Oh mee, how quickly wretches are forgot ?

*Me.* Wretched, away.

*Psiche.*

# Loves Mistress.

*Psi.* Away; all cry away,

Basenesse and Pride in one place cannot stay :

*Astioche*, kind sister, for old loves,

Resolue my father that I am his child ;

Put him in mind of *Phæbus* oracle,

And leaving mee upon the barren rocke ;

Remember how you came unto my bower,

And how my seruants fill'd your lapps with gold ;

And last, remember how by your aduise,

I made attempt to strike my husband dead,

As hee was sleeping, doe you know me now ?

Thence grew my misery.

*Asti.* Yes foole, and my great heart

Ioyes in thy fall : and father, now I better

Suruey her, my mind gives mee this is *Psiche*.

*Petr.* I am of her thought too, and yet much wonder,

How such a beauty should be so deform'd.

*Ad.* None shall perswade me to 't ; shees none of mine

That tells mee I have any part in her.

*Recorders.* Cupid descends.

*Cup.* *Admetus* stay, chide thy conceit, it offers  
wrong unto thy daughter *Psiche*.

*Psi.* Oh what heavenly tongue

Will once vouchsafe to sound poore *Psiches* name,

Torne with disgrace, doubly expos'd to shame.

*Cup.* *Psiche*, his tongue, whose charge had'st thou obey'd,

Thy prosperous state had not beene so betray'd ;

Nor had'st thou bin a subject to that shame.

# Loves Mistris.

Which now attends thee ?

*Psi.* *Cupid*, my deare lord,  
Pardon my guilt, have pittie on my sorrow ?

*Cup.* I cannot, no I dare not, heaven, and earth,  
The destinies, and all th' Immortall powers,  
Have with the yron pen of Fate, writ downe  
Thy certaine paine; did I not give thee charge,  
To taste the pleasures of Immortall love,  
But not to wade too deepe in mistery ?  
Could not my heavenly company suffice  
To cheere the soule ? but thou with earthly eyes  
Must see my face; and view my reall beauty,  
Against my charge, thy love, and humane duty.

*Psi.* I doe intreate.

*Cup.* Arise, kneele not to mee;  
But thanke thy sisters, they apparrell'd thee  
In that distractfull shape; *Pfiche* farewell,  
He mourne in heaven, to see thy paines in hell.

*Cupid ascends.*

*Ad.* Poore miserable child; in stead of teares,  
My heart weepes blood; I am confounded quite :  
I have three daughters, thou of all the rest,  
Had'st in my true conceptions greatest share,  
For which, I call'd thee *Pfiche*, that's the soule,  
For as my soule I lov'd thee ; now I abjure  
All interest in thy birth ; hence from my Court ?  
My hand shall nere lay blessing on thy head,  
Nor my tongue grace thee with a daughters name,  
Thou art not mine, but the base birth of shame.

*Psi.* Oh whether shall a wretch convert her eyes,

When

# Loves Mistress.

When her owne father shall her teares despise?

*Enter Mercury.*

*Mer.* Attend *Arcadians*,

The Paoclamation of the *Paphian* Queene.

*Ad.* When *Hermes* speakes, wee are bound to all attendance.

*Mer.* Oh yes, If any can bring *Psiche* unto *Venus*——

*Ast.* *Psiche* whom you are sent to seeke, stands there.

*Mer.* Then heere ends *Mercuries* Commission:

*Psiche*, in *Venus* name, I doe arrest thee,

For wrongs to her and *Cupid*.

*Psi.* I obey

Your high arrest, and with an humble suite,

Prostrate my selfe to *Cuberias* wrath;

Where's angry *Venus*?

*Mer.* Franticke in this grove,

Mourning *Adonis* death,— and heere shee coms.

*Enter Venus.*

*Ven.* Accur'd bow, why did'st thou not defend him?

Hee shall not die, *Adonis* still shall live;

*Apollo*, gentle *Phæbus* mount thy Charriot,

And in his cold brest breath Cælestiall fire,

For all earths simples cannot cure his wound;

Or if hee must expire, command the *Muses*

To give my love Immortall memory;

Hast thou found *Psiche*? oh that in this rage,

I could but now forget her.

*Mer.* See where shee stands,

With

## Loves Mistress.

With downe-cast eyes, and weake up-heaved hands.

*Ven.* Iust of my height, state, and my proportion;  
And were her pristine beauty lent her backe,  
Might in the rabbles judgement rivall mee :  
Strumpet, prophaner of our sacred rights,  
How hast thou wrong'd mee, and abus'd my sonne ?  
By ayming at my honour, and his life.

*Psi.* Dread *Paphian* Queene, for lovely *Cupids* sake,  
And this rich burthen in my wretched wombe,  
Pitty poore *Psiche*.

*Ven.* Hast thou plaid the strumpet,  
And for thy sinnes sake must I pardon thee ?  
No, that alone hath made me mercilesse.

*Venus beats her.*

*Psi.* Helpe mee deare Father, sisters, *Mercury*.

*Ad.* I dare not speake for thee.

*Asi.* Nor I.

*Petr.* Nor I.

*Psi.* Poore *Psiche*, borne unto aduersity.

*Mer.* Bee not so bitter Madam, for his sake,

By whom you are made a grandam.

*Ven.* I prove a grandame to a strumpets brat ?

Goe *Mercury*, and from some Garner fetch

Five measures of five severall sorts of graine;

Dispatch it *Hermes*.

*Mer.* What will *Venus* doe ?

*Ven.* Thou shalt know better when thou back return'st :

*Exit. Mercury.*

You are young *Venus*, and the Queene of Love,

That had th'ambition to be *Cupids* wife,

And marry with a god; Ho *Boreas*,

Since

## Loves Mistris.

Since *Mercury* is slack in his returne,  
Winde her inticing locks about thy arme,  
And tossing her loose carcasse in the ayre,  
Fling it into the bosome of some storme,  
And grind her bones to powder in the fall.  
*Psi.* Pitty me *Venus*, Father pleade for mee.

*Enter Mercury with graine.*

*Ven.* 'Tis well done *Hermes*, hast thou brought the graine?

*Mer.* Madam I have.

*Ven.* Then minion, heere's your taske,  
Looke on all these; see, thus I mingle them.

*Psi.* And what must miserable *Pfiche* doe?

*Ven.* To severall heapes, with thine owne hands divide  
Each severall feede ere the Sun kisse the West,  
Or looke for death; goe, and when that is done,  
Ile ride to *Paphos* and enlarge my sonne,  
Whom yet I keepe close Prisoner in my closet.

*Exit.*

*Ad.* *Pfiche* adieu, none can reverse thy doome.

*Asti.* Not I.

*Mene.* Nor wee.

*Exit. all but Mer. and Psi.*

*Psi.* I wish the earth my tombe.

*Mer.* Take patience *Pfiche*, and be comforted.

*Psi.* Comfort, alas what comfort can shee find,  
Whose father and deare friends prove so unkind.

*Mer.* For *Cupids* sake, who for thy love, now weares  
A paire of golden shackles on his heeles:  
This *Mercury* will doe, flie hence to *Phaphos*,

H

And

## Loves Mistris.

And fetch him from his late imprisonment,  
Then tell him of his mothers tyranic,  
That done, wee two will teach thee without paine,  
In severall heapes how to devide this graine. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Midas and Apulejus.*

*Mi.* And where have I beenc think'ft thou *Apulejus* ?  
Did'ft thou not misse mee ?

*Ap.* Yes, I did not sleepe, as thou did'ft in thy judgement.

*Mi.* Then I pereeve,  
Thou know'ft how I maintain'd our rurall musicke,  
Preferring it before *Apollos* harpe.

*Mi.* Yes, and by that inferre, thou art all earthie,  
Nothing Cælestiall in thee.

*Mi.* All's one for that; now for your morrall.

*Ap.* Wil't thou stay it out ?

*Mi.* No, 'tis too dull,  
Vnlesse thou'lt quicken me with some conceit,  
Thy *Psiches* sadnesse hath made me so heavy,  
That *Morpheus* steales upon mee.

*Ap.* What wouldst thou seee ?

*Mi.* Thy little *Cupid* I like pretty well,  
And would see some-thing else what hee can doe,  
More then belongs to *Psiche*.

*Ap.* Well, to kepe thee awake,  
He shew thee now *Loves Contrarieties*,  
Which was more then my promise.

A DANCE.

# Loves Mistris.

## A D A N C E.

*Enter a King and a Begger, a Young-man and an Old woman, a Leane man, a Fat woman. Dance, & Exit.*

*Mi.* I marry, this was somewhat like indeede;  
Heere's young and old; heere's fat and leane; the begger and the  
Love hath power over all. (King;

But to your morrall now; why comes your *Pfiche*  
With a sharpe Rayser, and a burning Lampe,  
To murder *Cupid*; then hee wakes and chafes,  
And flings house ont at windowes, was't not so?

*Ap.* Ile tell thee; shee charm'd by her sisters tongues,  
Thinks her faire love a serpent, and growne mad,  
Would murder *Cupid*, teare even *Love* from heaven;  
Yet note the greatnesse of Cælestiall mercy;  
One glimpse, one lampe, one sparke, one devine thought  
Plucks backe her arme, and more inflames her brest  
With amorous raptures; but because poore soule,  
Shee aym'd to search forbidden mysteries,  
Her eyes are blasted, *Cupid* loathes her sight,  
Hee leaves her ugly, and his blessed bower  
Is rent in picces; For heaven seemes to fall  
When our poore soules turne diabollicall.

*Mi.* For that 'twixt *Pan* and *Phæbus*, I know best,  
For I was there an umpire; but resolute mee;  
Why left he *Pfiche* when shee lost his love,  
Yet mourn'd when shee was left of all her friends.

*Ap.* All bid the wretched soule run to despaire,  
When leprous sinne deforms her, but even then,

## *Loves Mistress.*

When the gods hate her? when shee's scorn'd of men?  
*Cupid* hangs in the ayre; his divine eyes  
Shed teares for her, comforts her miseries.

*Mi.* Yet hee forsooke her too.

*Ap.* Till *Psiche* bee made faire and angel-white,  
Shee's not to stand in *Cupids* glorious fight.

*Mi.* Well, I am answer'd.

*Ap.* And for thy part *Midas*,  
Laugh, sleepe, or flowte, nay snarle, and cavell too;  
Which none of these heere met I hope will doe. . . *Exeunt.*

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## ACT. III. SCENE. I.

*Enter Vulcan.*

*Vul.* **W**Itthin there, ho *Pirackmon*, when you knave?  
Take in *Adonis* quiver, and his bow,  
And hang them up in *Venus* armory,  
By *Mars* his gantlet, and *Achilles* sword:

Ha ha ha, I laugh untill my sides be sore,  
For joy that my Wives dandiprat is dead;  
And my now Ciclops lay't on lustily;  
There's halfe a hundred Thunder-boults bespoake,  
Which argues that the World is full of sinne;  
*Neptune* hath broke his Mace, and *Imos* Coach  
Must bee new mended, and the hind-most wheelles  
Must have two spoakes set in; *Phæbus* fore-horse

Must

# Loves Mistress.

Must have two new shooes, calk'd, and one remove ;  
*Pans* Sheepe-hooke must be mended shortly too,  
Plie it of all hands, wee have much to doe.

## I. *Ciclop, from within.*

*Ci.* Master, heere 's one of *Ceres* husband-men  
Would have a Plough-share, and a Sith new ground.  
*Vul.* New ground, new halter'd, hee shall stay his turne ;  
Wee shall deceive the gods and goddesses,  
For a plow-jogging hinde.

2. *Ci.* Heere's *Mercury* to have his *Caduces* mended.

*Vul.* Hee shall stay.

3. *Ci.* Heere's *Ganimed*,  
To have his masters hunting-nagge new shod ;  
And *Mars* his lackie, with a broken gorget.

4. *Ci.* And heere's a clowne for hob-nailes.

*Vul.* Heere's the devill and all ;

What would they have me doe ? I toyle and moyle  
Worse then a mill-horse, scarce have slept a minute  
This fortnight, and odd dayes ; I have not time  
To sit and eate ; but Ile give over all,  
And live upon my wife, as others doe ;  
They say shee hath good takings ; ere Ile endure it,  
I will doe any thing : when I was made a Smith,  
Would I had beene a Bare-ward.

4. *Ci.* What shall wee doe first ?

*Vul.* Why first go hang your selues :  
I keepe a douzen Iourney-men at least,  
Besides my *Ciclops* and my Prentises,

## Loves Mistris.

Yet 'twill not fadge; I thinke my little boy  
*Cupid* must blow the bellowes, and my Wife  
*Venus* must leave her trade, and turne shee-smith,  
Yet 'twould scarce quit the cost; shee'd spend mee more  
In Nectar, and sweet-balls to scowre her cheekes,  
Smudg'd and besmeer'd with cole-duft and with smoake,  
Then all her worke would come to;  
But soft, what shackled run-away is this ?

*Enter Cupid in fetters.*

Why how now *Cupid* ?

*Cup.* Crawling softly to you,  
You are my dad, and I am come to see you.

*Vul.* How came you out of credit with your Mother ?

*Cup.* Aske mee how I crept into credit rather,  
For doe you see sir ; thus the matter stands,  
I am indebted, and thus enter'd bands  
To be forth-comming.

*Vul.* Y 'are a young whore-master; about your wench,  
I have heard all; but where 's your Mother now ?

*Cup.* Binding up *Mirtles* for *Adonis* tombe,  
Whom shee hath now turn'd to a *Hiacnith* ?

*Vul.* And what 's become of *Psyche*, where is shee ?

*Cup.* I parted but even now with *Mercury*,  
Who told me that my Mother had enjoyn'd her  
To part five measures of commixed graine  
Into five heapes, which seem'd impossible;  
But hee and I, sent forth the toyling Ants,  
Who like so many earnest labourers,

Did

## Loves Mistris.

Did it with ease, for they were numberlesse;  
Then with his cunning, having pick'd the locke  
Of *Venus* Closet doore, hee set mee free,  
And I am come deare father, to intreate,  
To file off these my boulds.

*Vul.* *Cupid* I dare not, *Venus* gave me charge,  
Not to take off thy shackles.

*Cup.* Father, sweete Hony sugar-candy dad,  
Indeede, indeede, you shall.

*Vul.* This cologing wagge  
Will not be answered: come, set up your legge;  
*Venus* will sole mee by the cares for this.

*Cup.* No, no, I warrant you.

*Enter Psiche with a Violl.*

*Vul.* So, now 'tis done, th'art free; — but who comes here?  
Shee's angry sure, for see how big shee lookes;  
What a great breadth she beares; me-thinks a woman  
Becomes no ornaments shee weares, so well  
As a great-belly; therefore 'tis much pittie,  
They should want things, to make them looke so prittie.

*Psi.* Vnhappy *Psiche*, *Venus* most obdure,  
And never satiate with my endlesse cares,  
When by the helpe of silly labouring Ants,  
I had ended the first taske, her cruelty  
Binds mee to worse disaster.

*Cup.* Once my Love,  
Had'st thou beene true to *Cupid*, not the least

## Loves Mistress.

Of all these evils had assaulted thee;  
And till my mothers anger bee appeas'd,  
I dare doe nothing; Yet for our first loves sake,  
Make me acquainted with thy second taske,  
And as I may be sure, Ile further it.

*Psf.* Let my lipps kisse this earth whereon you treade,  
In low submission; for her late injunſtion,  
Transcends all humane poſſibilitie:  
This Violl I muſt fill at that ſpring-head,  
From whence *Cocitus* flowes, that fearefull ſtreame,  
Which feedes the river *Stix*.

*Cup.* Be aduiſ'd by mee,  
Not farre from *Tenerus*, whoſe barren topp  
Is crown'd with clouds of ſmoake, there lies a meade,  
Ore-growne with Oſiers, Bryars, and Sicamors,  
In this Loves Eagle (on whoſe duſkie wings,  
*Ganimes* flew to heaven) obſcures himſelfe  
From Iealous *Innoes* wrath; enquire him out,  
Tell him thy griefe, and that thou cam'ſt from mee,  
From this hard taske hee will deliver thee.

*Psf.* Thanks glorious deitie, upon my knees  
Preſt downe with this rich burthen of thy love,  
I begg that you will mediate 'twixt my errours,  
And your ſterne mothers wrath.

*Cup.* Well get the gone,  
'Tis I will front her indignation.

*Exit. Pſiche.*

*Enter Pan, and Venus.*

*Pan.* This way he ran with ſhackles on his heeles,

And

# Loves Mistress

And said hee would to *Vulcan* : oh but see  
Where hee stands cogging with him.

*Ven.* Now you run away,  
You disobedient, thou unhappy wagge,  
Where be the golden-fetters I left you bound in?

*Cup.* True, for my good behaviour, but you see  
My bands are cancell'd, and your sonne set free;

*Ven.* Ile whip you for 't with nettles steep'd in wine.

*Cup.* So you'l nettle mee, and I must smart for 't;  
But when your owne flames burne, and you desire  
With him, or him, to glut your appetite,  
Then gentle *Cupid*, then, my prittie sonne,  
My love, my deare, my darling, and what not,  
Till you have had your will.

*Ven.* With his flattering tongue,  
Hee still prevents my anger : but for thee,  
As crooked in thy manners as thy shape,  
I thought, great foole, you durst not harbor him.

*Vul.* No more I did, sweete wife, (hee hath done,

*Cup.* Sweet mother Queene, busse my black dad for all that  
Was love to you, and kindnesse to your sonne.

*Vul.* Speake for me *Pan*, as ere thou hop'st to have  
Thy broken hoke well mended.

*Pan.* When, canst tell?  
I tell thee, I must first have besides that,  
A douzen of Branding-jrons to marke my flocke,  
(The time drawes neere, sheepe-shearing is at hand.)  
Besides, two of my Satirs falling out  
About a Lambe, one of them burst his horne,  
It must be tip'd too; thou art well acquainted

# Loves Mistress.

With tipping hornes.

*Vul.* Ha, hornes, with hornes, how's that.

*Pan.* Nay, aske your Wife, I cannot speake of hornes.

But still you take the last word to your selfe.

For *Venus* makes, and *Vulcan* weares.

And *Vulcan* takes, and *Venus* beares.

*Vul.* Vulcan weare hornes?

*Ven.* No sweet-heart, you mistake.

*Pan* is the forked god, with hornes was borne.

And ever since, his tongue runs of the horne.

*Pan.* Speake shall I have my Sheepe-hooke, and those Irons?

*Vul.* Yes *Pan*, you shall.

But yet those hornes have strake deepe to my heart.

*Pan.* Take heede they grow not upward to your head.

And tipping hornes, your browes weare hornes indeede:

*Enter Pische.*

But who comes heere? *Vulcan* is this your wench?

T'hadst best looke to him *Venus*.

*Pis.* Like your obedient servant, that layes downe

Her life and labour at her Mistris feete,

So comes poore *Pische*, held betwene the time

Offeare and duty; feare dishartning mee,

Would pluck me back, but duty being more strong

Bids me goe forward, bending my weake knee

Before the Shrine offacred Maestie;

Accept my seruice, who to gaine your grace,

Would yeeld my selfe to ashie death's embrace.

*Ven.* Is this that water of the Infernall lake?

*Pis.*

1

*Pische.*

## Loves Mistris.

*Psf.* This is that water, whose infectious torrent  
Runs from *Cositus*, into *Flegiton*,  
Infernall *Stix*, and the blacke *Acheron*,  
Deare goddesse.

*Ven.* Art thou not a fawning counterfeite?  
First I imploy'd thee to divide my graine,  
A taske impossible for mortall hands,  
This second as more hard, and yet 'tis done;  
Thou work'st by sorcery; but no damn'd spell  
Shall keepe mee from my wrath, thy soule from hell.

*Vul. Venus*, sweete mouse, nay prithee doe not chide,  
Forgive, as I forgive thee.

*Ven.* Polt-foote, peace.

*Cup.* Sweete Mother, let your ire be mollified,  
Since for her fault she hath endur'd this paine,  
Bannish all hate, and make her blest againe.

*Ven.* Againe I charge thee not to speake for her:  
Once more Ile try thee further, since thy heart  
Is wedded to such hellish sorcery;  
Hye to *Proserpina*, the black-brow'd Queene,  
Ile send thee on my embassie to hell,  
Tell her that sicknesse, with her ashie hand,  
Hath swept away the beauty from my cheekes,  
And I desire her send me some others;  
Fetch me a box of beauty then from hell,  
That's thy last labour, urge not a replie,  
Doe my command and live, refuse, and die.

*Cup.* For my sake, my best Mother, pittie her.

*Ven.* For thee I hate her, and for her hate thee.

*pan.* Nay gentle *Venus*, be more mercifull,

# Loves Mistress.

For her great-bellies sake,

*Ven.* For that alone,

Ile hate you all, till shee be fled and gone.

*Psi.* Then goe I must, and going, nere returne;

Oh *Cupid*, my inconstancy to thee,

Is cause of this my endlesse misery.

*Cup.* With-draw thee *Psiche* till the rest be gone;

Anon Ile speake with thee.

*Exit Psiche.*

*Enter Mercury.*

*Mer.* *Venus*, *Vulcan*, *Cupid*, and god *Pan*,

I summon you to appeare at *Ceres* plaine,

To entertaine the faire *Proserpina*,

For whom I now am sent; I must to hell

About *Loves* embassie; *Venus* farewell.

*Exit.*

*Ven.* *Hermes* farewell, wee'le meete at *Ceres* plentious Court:

Come *Cupid*, follow mee.

*Pan.* *Vulcan* cannot goe.

*Vul.* Yes, but 'tis best to keepe behind a shrew.

*Pan.* Then put her in before, on *Venus*, goe. *Ex. all but Cup.*

*Cup.* *Psiche* aproach, but doe not come too neere,

That pride thou hast already bought too deere.

*Enter Psiche.*

*Psi.* Oh pittie *Psiche*, shee is sent to hell.

*Cup.* It is the sound of hell wakes pitties eye,

Else I had left thee to more misery.

My

## Love's Mistress.

My loves not done, though thou art quite undone,  
Vnlesse I arme thee 'gainst the darts of death,  
Which hell aimes at thee.

*Pst.* Let thy sacred breath——

*Cup.* Wound me no more with words, for they but grieve me;  
Now marke what on thy Iourney must relieve thee:

First, high thee to the bancks of *Acheron*,

Thou can'st not misse the way, 'tis broad, and worne

With trampling of Ten thousand passengers,

There shalt thou find hells churlish Ferry-man,

His name is *Charon*, ther's to pay his hire,

Take heede thou loose it not, for doing so,

Hee'le beate, and leave thee on the shore of woe;

Being ferried over, thou shalt spie hell gates,

Thou need'st not knocke, they are open night and day,

Give *Cerberus* a sop, and passe away.

*Pst.* And what's that *Cerberus*?

*Cup.* Porter of hell,

Who must at thy returne be brib'd againe;

My great desite to helpe thee, hinders thee,

I should have told thee when in *Charon's* barge,

Thou art waisting ore the dreadfull waves of *Stix*,

An aged man, with a pale countenance,

His name's *Oblivion*, swimming in the flood;

Will heave his wither'd armes, and cry, helpe, helpe,

Save mee from drowning; stretch not forth thy hand,

For if thou dost, thou nere return'st to shore,

Thou wil't forget my love, see mee no more.

*Pst.* Ile stop mine eares against *Oblivion's* cry.

*Cup.* Being landed, thou shalt see old wrinkled hags,

# Loves Mistris.

Spinning black threds, whil' st folly reeles them up;  
Hee will let fall his reele, and pray thee reach it,  
But stoope not; they will likewise beckon thee  
To sit downe by them; but to spinne a thread  
Take heede, doing so, from mee thou art banished.

*Psi.* Ile shun their baites.

*Cup.* Being enter'd *Plutoes* Court,  
They all will tice thee with a thousand traines,  
Shun all, and neither sit, nor eate with them,  
Onely deliver what thou art enioyn'd,  
Receive the boxe of beauty and be gon,  
Which still keepe shut, let not thy daring eye  
Behold the wealth that in the boxe doth lie.

*Psi.* Dread *Cupid*.

*Cup.* Now fare-well, had'st thou but obey'd mee,  
Thy face had still bin lovely, and mine eye  
Doated on thee with heavenly Jealousie.

*Exeunt.*

## Enter Clowne and Swaines.

1. *Swa.* And what dost thou thinke of *Cupid* now?

*Clo.* Doe not thinke I am so stupid,  
But to thinke well of great god *Cupid*.

2. *Swai.* And what of Poets.

*Clo.* As Poets, as of Potentates, for since I plaid the last  
prize against *Phaebus*, in which I may say of my selfe, *veni, vidi*  
*vici*; I have beene so troubled with a Poeticall itch, that I can  
scratch you out Rimes, and Ballats, Songs, and Sonnetts,  
Oades, and Madrigalls, till they bleede againe.

1. *Swai.* Then thou art reconcil'd to *Horar*.

*Clowne.*

## Loves Mistress.

*Clo.* *Homer* was Honourable, *Hesiod* Heroicall, *Virgil* a Vicegerent, *Naso* Notorious, *Martiall* a Provost, *Invinall* a Ioviall lad, and *Persius* a Paramount; what doe I thinke of Poetry? of which my selfe am a profess member.

*12. Swai.* And may be very well spar'd, and yet the body never the worse, but thou may'st see what becoms of rayling against *Cupid*, what a sweete Mistress hee hath put upon thee?

*Clo.* Who, my *Amarillis*.

*1. Swai.* Yes, the veriest dowdy in all *Arcadia*, even *Mopsa* compar'd with her, shewes like a Madam; first she's old —

*Clo.* It was very well said, to say first, because shee was before us, and for being old, is not age reverend? and therefore in mine eyes shee's honourable. *1. Swai.* And wrinkled.

*Clo.* Is't not the fashion; doe not our Gentiles weare their haire crisped, the Nymphs their gownes pleated, and the Fawns their stockings, for the more grace, wrinckled; doth not the earth shew well when 'tis plowed, and the land best when it lies in furrowes,

*1. Swai.* Besides, shee hath a horrible long nose.

*Clo.* That's to defend her lipps, but thou sinner to fence, and renegade to reason, dost thou blame length in any thing? dost thou not wish thy life long, and know'st thou not that Truth comes out at length; When all our joyes are gone and past, doth not Long look'd for, come at last; If any of our Nymphs be wrong'd, will shee not say, 'tis Long of mee, 'tis Long of thee, or Long of him; If they buy any commodity by the yard, doe they not wish it long; your Advocate wishes to have a law suite hang Long; And the poore client, bee his cloake never so short, and thread-bare, yet would be glad to weare it longer.] No married man, but doth his wife much wrong,

Tho'

# Loves Mistress.

Tho' hee himselfe be short, to have nothing long.

2. *Swa.* The short and the long out is, shee's an ugly creature, make of her what thou can'st.

*Clo.* Make of her what I can; oh that all, or any of you could like mee, looke upon her with the eyes of Poetry, I would then let you know what I have made of her.

1. *Swa.* Prithee let's hear't.

*Clo.* Then listen hither, oh you Imps of ignorance;

Oh tell mee, have you ever seene,  
Since you were borne unto this day,  
Which is long since, a wit so Greene,  
And cover'd with a head so Gray.

To praise her still, my *Muses* will is,  
Although therein I have no cunning,  
Yet is the nose of *Amarillis*  
Like to a Cock, long, and still running.

Her eyes, though dimme, do seeme cleere,  
And they of Rheume can well dispose,  
The one doth blinke, the other cleare,  
In Pearle-drops striving with her nose.

Her brest are like two beds of blisse,  
Or rather like two leane-cowes udders,  
Which shewes that shee no Change-ling is,  
Because they say, such were her mothers.

Those

# Loves Mistris.

Those few teeth left her in her head,  
Now stand like hedge-stakes in her gums,  
Full of white Dandriff is her head,  
Shee puts the Cobler downe for thumbs.

Her sides be long, her belly lanke,  
And of her legs what should I say,  
But that shee fees well in the flanke,  
And both her feete, themselves display.

1. *Swai.* All the *Homers* in *Asia* could never have come so neere the businesse.

*Clo.* From head to foote, for her stature and yeeres, patterne her in all *Arcadia*; say shee bee a foule beast in your eyes, yet shee is my *Hyren*; and shewing foule to others, and faire to mee, I shall live the happier, and shee the honestest, but I have a remedy against all this in sight of *Cupid*.

2. *Swai.* What's that?

*Clo.* I heare *Psiche* his Mistris, is sent to hell for a boxe of beauty, 'tis but way-laying of her, and taking it from her, then *Amarillis* shall compare with any other she that dare. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Midas and Apulejus.*

*Mi.* This last I lik'd, and had it all beene such,  
Onely a meere discourse twixt swaines and clownes,  
It then had pleas'd mee; now some quaint device,  
Some kick-shaw or other to keepe me waking.

*Ap.* Then by the leave of these spectators heere,  
He suite mee to thy low capacitie;

## Loves Mistress.

Of *Vulcans* Cicloppe Ile so much intreate,  
That thou shalt see them on their Annile beate;  
'Tis musicke fitting thee, for who but knowes,  
The Vu'gar are best pleas'd with noyse and shoves?

*A Dance of Vulcan and  
his Cicloppe.*

*Mid.* Well, this I like :  
Now let mee know the creame of this conceit ;  
Why graine ? why measures ? why the number five ?  
Your morrall sir for that.

*Ap.* The number five, our *Sences* doth include,  
Those severall graines, our severall sorts of sinnes,  
Which like those seedes, to count, are infinite;  
And so commixt, that to distinguish them,  
It much transcends humane capacitie.

*Mid.* And then those Ants, what didst thou meane by them ?

*Ap.* By those are meant our recollections,  
And Laborinths, still busied in the search  
Of what hath past, and were it possible,  
By drawing them into their former heapes,  
To pay to each, indebted Penitence ;  
But all in vaine, for this can never bee  
Without true Love, guided by *Mercury* :  
But for my Sceane, how do'st thou relish that ?

*Mid.* As ribble, rabble, and I know not what ;  
A Violl must bee fill'd with stigious droppe,  
And that an Eagle must for *Pfiche* fetch;  
And all this, to what purpose ?

*Ap.* What to thee,  
And such like drones, seemes to be most absurd,  
Is to the wise, perspicuous and most plaine ?

When

## Lores Mistris.

When *Psyche* hath transgress'd, and her offence  
(Almost past pardon) meritts *Cupids* wrath;  
Then woes like waves, follow each others neck,  
Then must shee fetch a glasse of *stygian* water,  
A Violl fill'd with true Repentant teares,  
And that shee cannot fill, nor fetch from thence,  
But by the Eagles helpe, Heavens Providence.

*Mr.* But for her voyage into hell; can't it make mee  
Believe, that once there, shee can come from thence?

*Ap.* Can't thou be silent, and but apprehend  
Thou now behold'st her sit in *Charons* boate?  
*Oblivion* reaching up his wretched hands,  
To crave her helpe, and then by folly woo'd,  
Next by the Idle sisters; these things past,  
Entering hell gates, whither thy imagination  
May bring her; Howsoever Gentlemen,  
I hope you will that better understand;  
Wee'le but affright her with hells Court, and then,  
On your wing'd thoughts bring her to earth agen. *Exeunt.*

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## ACT. V. SCENE. I.

*Enter* Pluto, Proserpine, Minos, Eacus, Rhadamant,  
Charon, Cerberus, and Mercury.

*Plu.* FAIRE *Mayas* Sonne, declare your embassie?  
*Mer.* Wheate-crowned *Ceres*, haruest Sovereigne,  
And Mother to the faire *Proserpine*,  
Sends greeting to her Sonne, hells awfull King.

## Loves Mistris.

Letting him know, this day *Latonas Sonne*  
Enters the first house of his *Zodiake*,  
And with his guilt beames welcomes in the Spring ;  
This day the Virgins of *Sicilia*,  
Old Wives, young Children, Souldiers, Citizens,  
Princes and Prelates, on *Cissephus* bancks,  
Are gathered in well-order'd multitudes,  
Dancing in *Chorusses*, singing mirth-full layes,  
Such as *Iambe*, *Megamirae*s maid,  
Sung, when she mourn'd her Daughters ravishment :  
This day hath *Ceres* call'd a Selsions,  
Where *Proserpine* must bee ; but ere shee leave  
The black Imperiall Throne of this low world,  
*Pfiche* the Daughter to th' *Arcadian King*,  
Must doe a message to her deitie.

*Prof.* Wee know th' Intent of that great influence,  
With all the purpose of the *Paphian* Queene,  
Shee meanes prowd *Pfiche* never shall returne,  
And wee will keepe her; *Charon* fetch her ore.

*Cha.* Shee's come already.

*Mino.* Then conduct her in.

*Cha.* Hell's full enough of shrewes; if shee be faire,  
I know shee's curst, pray let her tarry there,  
A curst queanes tongue, the very feinds still feare.

*Plu.* Fetch her I say, *Venus* shall be reveng'd.

*Eac.* Goe *Charon*, waite upon him *Cerberus*.

*Mino.* If shee performe the customes of our Court,  
Being sent on message from supernall powers,  
Wee can then with no justice keepe her heere.

*Rha.* True *Minos*, 'tis the law of hell and Fate;

Yet

## Loves Mistress.

Yet *Cerberus* and *Charon*, get you gone,  
Tell *Psiche* that hells King, and *Proserpine*,  
With *Minos* bench'd, *Eacus* and *Radamanth*,  
Vpon their black Tribunalls, sends for her;  
You *Furies* with your enuious eyes attend,  
Least *Psiche* 'gainst our customes shall offend.

*Cha.* Come *Cerberus*, come hagg, fetch *Psiche* in.

*Cer.* Yes, and for all her staynes, and leaprosie,  
Me-thinks I now could eate her. *Exit.*

*Mer.* *Psiche* is well instructed *Rhadamanth*,  
Her husband *Cupid* gave her certaine rules,  
For her uncertaine journey.

*Enter Charon, Cerberus, and Psiche.*

*All.* Heere shee comes.

*Cer.* My sop, hast thou thy naulum Ferry-man?

*Cha.* I have.

*Plu.* *Psiche* stand forth, nay poore soule, tremble not.

*Minos.* How came this woman over *Acheron*?  
Reach'd shee not hand to helpe *Oblivion*?

*Cha.* No, yet the wretch made many a pittious cry,  
Yet shee look'd on him with a scornfull eye.

*Eac.* How did shee passe the hagg, that spunne the threads  
Of Idle-folly, in the path of hell?

*Cha.* They all desir'd her helpe, but shee deny'd  
To set a finger unto follies thred.

*Plu.* Shee hath done well, why kneel'st thou on the ground?

*Ps.* I kneele to *Proserpine*, for I am sent  
By sacred *Venus* for a boxe of beautie.

## Loves Mistress.

*Prof.* Faire *Pfiche*, you shall haue what you desire,  
Rise up, sit downe by us, 'tis much unfit,  
The Wife of *Cupid* on the ground should sit.

*Pfi.* *Pfiche* is *Cupids* out-cast, and his scorne,  
And therefore sits thus low, and thus forlorne.

*Plu.* Oh thou belov'd of *Love*, be not so sad;  
Furnish a Banquet, let our cousel taste  
The delicats that grow in these darke groves.

*Prof.* Art thou not faint? *A Banquet set forth.*

*Pfi.* Yes, wonderous faint, and weary,  
Faint through the want of foode, weary with toyle  
Of my un-number'd steps, faint through the terror  
That on each side affrights mee, faint and weary  
With bearing this poore burthen in my wombe;  
*Cupid*, thy words are true, thou did'st fore-tell,  
My pride on earth, should worke my plagues in hell.

*Plu.* Refresh thy selfe then, taste our delicats.

*Pfi.* I dare not touch them.

*Rba.* Thou hast a sop, eate that.

*Pfi.* It is not mine,  
It is your Porters fee.

*Cer.* Give it mee then.

*Pfi.* Anon I will, at my returne from hence;  
In the meane time, sacred *Proserpina*,  
By all the teares your grieved mother shed,  
When you were stole from *Pismaes* flowrie banke,  
Let *Pfiche* be dispatched to *Cipria*,  
Least the incensed goddesse doe some wrong  
To her poore seruant, if shee stay too long.

*Plu.* Will shee not sit? scornes shee to taste our foode?

Give

# Loves Mistress.

Give her some wine.

*Cha.* Heere girle, drinke to hells King.

*Psi.* Give me co'd water from the murmuring spring?

*Plu.* I am soule-vext, that any mortall eye  
Should see our Customes, and retorne alive,  
To blab them to the wide eare of the world:

But *Proserpine*, having perform'd all rights,  
Wee must not heere detaine her; send her hence.

*Prof.* My envie equall yours, but all in vaine;  
*Pfiche* receive this boxe from *Proserpine*,  
Wherein Caeftiall beautie is inclof'd.  
But on thy life, dare not to looke into 't,  
As thou respect'st thy safetie.

*Pfi.* I receive it,  
And humbly begging to dread *Plutoes* Queene,  
Intreate to be dismiss'd this fearefull Court.

*Plu.* *Charon*, conuey her backe.

*Cha.* My Ferry-money.

*Cer.* My fopp.

*Pfi.* Both's heere. *Exit. Cha. and Cer. with Pfsiche.*

*Plu.* *Pfsiche* is worthy to be *Cupids* Wife,  
And *Proserpine*, remember her to *Venus*,  
Make intercession, that the Queene of Love  
No longer prove th' ungentle step-mother.

*Mer.* *Pluto*, when *Pfsiche* hath perform'd her taske,  
My Sister will no doubt be reconcil'd;  
*Cupid* presented a Petition  
To *Love*, and all the Senate of the gods,  
To take from her, her base deformity,  
The gods agree'd, and *Venus* too was pleas'd

At

# Loves Mistress.

At her returne from hell it should be done.

*Plut.* Heere *Hermes*, take my Queene *Proserpina*,  
Returne her when the sister of the Sunne  
Hath sixe times compassed her siluer spheare;  
Commend me to my mother, great *Loves* wife,  
My sister *Pallas*, and to all the gods,  
So fare-well *Plutoes* joy, all hell shall mourne  
With hiddious cries, till my faire lover returne. *Exeunt.*

*Hiddious musicke.*

*Enter Cupid.*

*Cup.* Many a long looke have my watchfull eyes  
Sent out to meet with *Psiche*, heere shee comes, *Enter Psiche.*  
And in her hand the boxe, Cupid stand close,  
And over-heare the summe of her discourse.

*Enter Clowne.*

*Clo.* This is shee, I know her by her marter'd face; *Venus* did  
well to send her for beauty, for poore soule, she hath neede on't,  
I have dogg'd her, to see if I could find her at any advantage,  
to steale away her boxe; I have already got love from *Cupid*; I  
have got Poetrie from *Apollo*, and if I could now get beauty  
from *Psiche*, *Phaon* the faire Ferry-man, was never so famous in  
*Sicilia*, as I *Coridon* shall be in *Arcadia*.

*Psi.* You trayterous thoughts, no more assault me thus,  
My lovely *Cupid* charg'd me not to see  
What *Proserpine* sent *Venus* in this boxe,  
The like command did hells Queene lay on mee,  
Oh heaven, yet I shall die except I doe't.

*Cupid.*

# Loves Mistris.

*Cup.* I *Pfiche*, what still in your longing vaine ?

*Clo.* That's it, nay I shall know 't, if I see 't againe.

*Pf.* It's beautie *Pfiche*, and Celæstiall,

And thou art ugly, this will make thee shine,

And change this earthy forme to shape divine ;

Open it boldly, but I shall offend,

Why say I doe, 'tis but the breach of dutie,

And who'le not venture to get heavenly beautie,

Rich beautie, ever fresh, never decaying,

Which lies intomb'd in this heavenly shrine ;

Nor in this bold attempt thinke mee prophane,

Striving thus spotted, to be free from staine.

*Shee opens the Boxe, and falls asleepe.*

*Clo.* Nay I thought I should take you napping,

And thou shalt goe with mee; for 'tis my duty,

My Mistris being a blowse, to find her beautie.

*Takes up the  
Boxe.*

*Cupid charmes him asleepe.*

*Cup.* To make thee lovely in thy Mistris eyes,

Make use of that, and boast of thy rich prize.

*Cupid layes a counterfeit Boxe by him.*

But foolish girle; alas why blame I thee,

When all thy Sex is guilty of like pride,

And ever was? but where's this beauty now ?

Turn'd into slumbers, and like watery pearles

Of honey-tasting dew hangs on these lids :

Shee wakes againe; I have swept off the slumber

That hung so heavy on these spotted covers,

Which once clos'd in, the light of all true lovers.

*Pf.* Where am I now ? Dread *Cupid* pardon mee.

*Cup.* Come rise, and wipe away these fruitlesse teares;

L

Take

# Loves Mistris.

Take up the boxe, and hie thee to my Mother ?

*Psi.* Shee'le kill mee for the beautie I have lost.

*Cup.* Tush foole, I gather'd it from thy clos'd eyes,  
Where in the shape of slumber it did rest;  
Be comforted, *Cupids* white hand shall cleere  
This blacke deformitie, and thou shalt ride  
In *Venus* charriot, and be deified :  
I thought to chide too bad, but 'twill not bee,  
True Love can but a while looke bitterly :  
Awake thou too, the treasure there inclos'd,  
Risse at will, but see it well dispos'd.

*Exit.*

*Clow.* Where am I, nay where is shee ; I no sooner cast mine  
eye upon the boxe, to say heere 'tis, but I was asleepe before a  
man could say what's this, what's this said I : Rejoyce all mor-  
talls that weare smocks, for I have found rich beauties boxe : I  
was before but a man made, but I am now a very made man ;  
and when 'tis knowne I am possess't of this rich treasure, both  
Young and Old, Short and Tall, Tagg and Ragg, Witch and  
Hagg, Crone and Beldam, who though they come abroad  
but seldome, will crawl upon crutches to find out mee ; But  
come as many as will, and as fast as can, by their favours, my  
*Amarillis* shall bee first serv'd : and yet not first neither, am  
I in possession my selfe, and shall not I be the white boy of  
*Arcadia* : *Adonis* is dead, and shall not I bee *Venus* sweet-  
heart.

Come boxe off beautie, and for white and red, *The Boxe is*  
Put downe *Loves* Page, the smooth fac'd *Ganimed*; full of ugly  
Dawbe on, dawbe on, as thicke as thou canst lay on, *Painting.*  
Till thou exceede the Ferry-man call'd *Phaon* ;  
*Cupid* compar'd with mee, shall be a toy,

And

# Loves Mistris.

And looke but like the signe of the black-boy ;  
My face shall shine just as my hand disposes,  
In one cheeke Ile plant Lillies, in t 'other roses,  
Till all that this my visage gaze upon,  
Say there; there goes the faire-cheek'd *Coridon*.

*Enter Swaines.*

1. *Swai.* Where is *Coridon*, *Hymen* stayes, and *Amarillis* attends, the Bride is ready, but no Bride-groome to be found ?

*Clo.* I doe not thinke the Clownes will know me when they see mee, *Colin*, *Dickon*, *Hobinall*, and how is 't, how is 't ?

2. *Swai.* Ha ha ha, very scurviely me-thinks, is this *Coridon* ?

*Clo.* Nay, if my face in Swaines breede such delight,  
What will the Nymphs doe when they come in sight.

3. *Sw.* Oh monstrous *Coridon*! how cam'st thou thus chang'd ?

*Clo.* Chang'd, I hope so ; I have not travell'd thus farre for nothing; speake you mortalls, doth not my brow relent ? shines not my nose ? springs not heere a Lillie, there a Rose ?

2. *Swai.* A Rose, a Lillie? a Blew-bottle, and a cancker-flower, what is that upon thy face ?

*Clo.* Beautie boyes, beautie.

2. *Swai.* Beautie dost call it, I prethee from whence came it ?

*Clo.* Marry from hell.

2. *Swai.* From hell, I beleeeve it, for it hath made thee looke like a devill already.

*Clo.* Goe sheare your sheepe, make money of your wooll,  
Sell all your Lambes, and make your purses full,  
And then, if on the price wee can agree,  
Ile fit you all, and make you looke like mee.

L 2

2. *Swaine,*

## Loves Mistress.

2. *Swai.* Like thee, I'd rather see thee hang'd; dost thou think wee meane to weare Vizors.

*Clo.* This 'tis to be meere mortalls, and have noe addition of learning or travell; their dull eyes cannot judge of Cælestiall beautie: but where's my *Amarillis*, and the god of marriage *Hymen*?

1. *Swai.* They both stay for thee in *Venus* Temple; but I hope thou wilt not be married to her in this pickle?

*Clo.* Will I not, yes, and dazell all their eyes that shall looke on mee, especially my *Amarillis*, and shee must needs have some part of my theft, all is not gone, somthing for her is left:

Leade on, leade on, this day you shall be my men,  
And thus in pompe will wee goe meete with *Hymen*:  
And *Dicken*, if anon thou wilt be sinfull  
To drinke with mee, I will give thee thy skin-full:  
If any heere, I speake it out of dutie,  
Desire Complection from my boxe of beautie,  
This night I am busie, let him come to morrow,  
They shall have store, if they will buy, or borrow. *Exeunt.*

*Enter* Phœbus, Pan, Vulcan, Venus, Admetus,  
Astioche, Pctrea, Menetius, and Zelotes.

*Ven.* By this I know, that Minks is come from hell,  
And heere she harbours; but *Arcadian* King,  
Deliver her, or by our dreadfull frowne,  
Ile spoile thy Courts, and cast thy Temples downe;  
Conceale her longer, not the gods intreates.  
Shall guard her from the death, my rage intends.

*Ad.* Dread Queene of *Paphos*, shee remains not heere,

Nor

## Loves Mistress.

Nor thinke that I abet her, though my child,  
Against your wrath, or power; Nay, did she sojourne  
In any place where I have free command,  
I'd cause her to be fetch't thence instantly,  
And as your slave and vassale tender her.

*Ven.* If she be safe return'd from *Proserpine*,  
Shee must be pardon'd, and become devine;  
But to conceale her beeing, and keepe backe  
Her present sight, aymes at her future wrack.

*Apol.* If ever in faire *Venus* I had power,  
Or grac'd her summer pastimes with my beames,  
At length with a commiserating eye,  
Looke on distressed *Psiche*.

*Vul.* Doe good wife,  
Vse her with all the favour thou can'st thinke,  
Conive at her, as I at thy faults winke.

*Pan.* And *Pan* protests by *Cannaes* nut-browne haire,  
The fairest Nymph, since *Sirinx*, I ere saw,  
Befriends with her, my *Satyrs* all shall play,  
And I with them make this a holy-day.

*Enter Mercury and Proserpine.*

*Mer.* To all these gods, to *Venus*, and this traine,  
Health from the Sonne of *Saturne*, and Queene *Ceres*.

*Ven.* Welcome, what would the messenger of Love  
To us, or these?

*Mer.* *Pan*, *Vulcan*, and your selfe,  
With *Phæbus*, and the great *Arcadian King*,

## Loves Misris.

By your alurements she was sent to hell,  
And had not divine ayde secur'd her thence,  
Poore soule for ever sh'had bin there detain'd,  
For which, to endlesse durance I adjudge you;  
For merrits siluer gates are alwayes barr'd  
To hearts Impenitent, and willfull hard.

*Psi.* Have pittie on them Father, gentle husband,  
Remember not their fraw'd in tempting mee:  
You gods, and goddeses, with *Psyche* joyne  
To begg their pardons, all you *Arcadians* kneele;  
For had they not my happinesse enuy'd,  
My Love and Patience had not so bin try'd.

*All.* Wee all will mediate for them.

*Ad.* Then Daughters, give your sister *Psyche* thanks,  
And to her vertues be a servant still,  
As having made atonement for your ill.

*Both.* Wee'll hence-forth be her hand-maids.

*Ven.* They shall attend her unto Plenties bower,  
Where *Ceres*, Queene of all Fertility,  
Inuites us with the other gods to feast.

*Mer.* There *Iove* and *Phœbus* shall leade *Cupids* Queene,  
To the bright Pallace of Eternitie;  
*Bacchus* shall give us Wine, and *Ganimed*  
Shall crowne our full cupps with the grapes pure blood;  
*Ceres* shall yeeld us all earth's delicates,  
The *Graces* shall bring Balme, the *Muses* sing  
In *Cupids* honour, Loves Immortall King.

*Vul.* Vulcan will dance, and sing, and skip, and quaffe,  
And with his smoakie jeasts make *Cupid* laugh.

*Cup.* Such as love mee, make mee their president,

## *Loves Mistris.*

See, thus I take faire *Psiche* by the hand,  
*Mercury* doe you the like to *Proserpine*,  
My Mother *Venus* cannot want a mate;  
In honour of our marriage, match your selves,  
And with a measure grace our nuptials,  
But such as doe not love to bee in motion,  
view as spectators, how our joy appears,  
Dancing to the sweete musicke of the shepheardes.

*A Dance of Cupid, Psiche, the gods and godeesses.*

*Apol.* Now circle *Psiche* in a fayrie ring,  
Whil'st I and *Venus* grace her with this Crowne;  
This done, to feast with *Ceres*, and the gods  
And next unto the Pallace of the Sunne,  
To end those sacred rites wee have begun.

*Enter Midas and Apulejus.*

*Mi.* Is this your morrall? This your Poetrie?  
What hast thou done, what spoake, what represented,  
Which I with all these cannot justly taxe?

*Ap.* Yes, all like thee th' obtuse and stupid mindes,  
But there's an understanding that hath depth  
Beyond thy shallow non-sence; there's a witt,  
A braine which thou want'st, I to that submit.

*Mi.* And ever in that thou fool'st thy selfe.

*Cup.* Nay then,  
I by the favour of these Gentlemen,  
Will arbitrate this strife; one seeks to aduance

M

His

## *Loves Mistris.*

His Art, the other stands for ignorance ;  
Both hope, and both shall have their merrits full,  
Heere's meede for either, both the apt, and dull,  
Pleas'd or displeas'd, this censure I allow ;  
Keepe thou the Asses eares, the Lawrell thou :  
If you, judicious, this my doome commend,  
*Psiche* by you shall doubly Crown'd ascend;  
And then this Legacie I leave behind,  
Where ere you love, prove of one faith, one mind.  
The Spring comes on, and *Cupid* doth devine,  
Each shall enjoy his best lou'd Valentine,  
Which when you have, may you like us agree,  
And at your best retirements thinke on mee.

---

*F I N I S.*

